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## UNDER THE PINES.

BY MARIE J. M'COLL.

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
One short year ago,
Sweet murmured on the night breeze
The river's distant flow;
But sweeter the story olden,
A loved voice whispered low,
Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Only a year ago.

Under the pines, in the moonlight
Once again we met,
And I saw through a rain of tear-drops
A proud face pale and set;
While I scarce could sob—"farewell, love,"
So bitter was my woe,
When we parted, 'neath the moonlight,
Only a year ago.

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Alone did I often stray,
To dream o'er the moments passed there
With the dear one, far away,
And pray for the time he could proudly
His sword to its sheath restore,
And under the pines, in the moonlight,
Wander with me once more.

* * * * * * *

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Gleameth a marble stone,
And low beside a grass-grown mound
I kneel to-night, alone.
For here my darling lieth
In the grave so dark and deep,
Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Sleeping his long, last sleep.

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Oft do I bow in prayer,
For the burden of my sorrow
Is more than I can bear;
Life is not life without him—
O, that I too could rest
Under the pines, in the moonlight,
The sod above my breast.

# THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

# The Brierton Mystery.

THE ARREST OF CAPTAIN VANE.

### CHAPTER IV.

KIND DESPATCH.

"This is a bad job—a very bad job!" said Farmer Merridew, bringing his stout oaken stick down with a mighty crash on the twinkling blossoms and cool grasses. "There has been foul play here, I doubt."

Ah, foul indeed! As foul as when the first murderer cowered away from his offended Maker, with the bitter brand on his brow! But there was no mark on this destroyer that men might know him by, and track him to his doom.

The reeds knew all, and murmured together of the wrong they had seen; but they had no human voices with which to enlighten others.

Farmer Merridew pondered for a moment, and then turned to his men.

"Take the gentleman to the farm," he said, in an unusually softened tone; "and we will send for Squire de Lacy. He is good and wise, and will know what is best to be done."

But Squire de Lacy had gone to town, as it happened, and was not expected home till the next day. Still, it was hours before Captain Vane struggled back to sense and sight once more. He saw three faces hovering about his bed—all of them strange—and shrank back within himself, and moaned.

One of these faces—the face of a man, set in a halo of white, shining hair—bent over him so close that the eager breath fanned his cheek.

"Who are you, and where do you come from? You can tell us this now, perhaps?"

Captain Vane glanced up at him with dazed, bewildered eyes; and for some reason, inexplicable to the lookers-on, he thrust forward his hands, and cried, with inexpressible horror, "Go away! the sight of you kills me!"

"Poor fellow, he raves! and no wonder!" said the white haired man, turning meekly to Mrs Merridew. "Delia, perhaps, after all, I had best leave him with you. He needs consolation most of all, and that comes so much better from women's lips."

"Nay, sir," said Mrs. Merridew, with honest admiration; "if you fail, there can't be much chance for us."

He waved his hand, as if to deprecate this flattery.

"You do me far more than justice, my good friend!"

"Oh, Squire de Lacy, how could any one do that?"

At this name, the sick man sat up straight in bed, and glared at the other wildly.

"I had a feeling that I ought to hate you!" he cried, with sullen rage. "You are one of those who gain by my poor love's death!"

A tremor went through Squire de Lacy's frame, shaking him as an aspen leaf is shaken by a rough wind.

"You are the man, then, who was to have married the poor child who has, I am afraid, been taken from us?" he asked, in a voice broken and tremulous from emotion: "the man she was to have welcomed home yesterday? I feared as much—I sadly feared as much. No wonder you are unjust."

"No, wonder I am so just," retorted Captain Vane, obstinately. "It was you who killed her."

The old man drew back very white, but meekly reproachful.

"I cannot resent anything you say to me now, Captain Vane, for trouble has turned your brain. When you know me, you will understand how impossible and cruel your accusation is. But I am not hurt—oh, no! I might feel even as you feel, if I suffered as you suffer. Lie down and rest, and let these gentle women tend you. When you are stronger, and need me, I will come again. Until then, you will have all my sympathy—when the right time comes, all my aid."

He went off slowly, his white, shimmering hair lending a kind of serene radiance to his benevolent face.

In passing Mrs. Merridew, he smiled gently and touched his forehead significantly with his fingers. Then, sighing softly under his breath, he went downstairs, closing the door behind him.

Captain Vane seemed greatly relieved then, and turned inquiringly to Delia.

"What is that man's name?"

"Squire de Lacy, sir."

"Yes, yes; but I mean his Christian name," answered Captain Vane, in a somewhat irritable tone.

"James, sir, I fancy."

"Thank you; I thought as much. And now I mean to get up."

Mrs. Merridew had left the room in order to attend Mr. de Lacy, and so Delia was left to cope with this difficulty alone. It was quite clear that Captain Vane was in a raging fever, and any sudden chill might cost him his life.

Delia, like most village maidens, knew something of the art of healing, and was an excellent nurse. Instead of contradicting her patient, she soothed and humored him, promising him that if he laid quite still now, he should get up in the evening.

"You see," he said, apologetically, "I have so much to do."

"I am sure you have."

He raised himself on his elbow, and added, with solemn earnestness, "Listen to me. Some relentless hand has robbed an innocent girl of life, and me of all that makes life precious. But, as sure as there is a Heaven above, I will find out the man or woman who did the deed, and make him repent it through every nerve and fibre of his body."

"If he is mad," thought Delia, "there is a great deal of method in his madness. He says just what any other man would say in his place—and who can blame him?"

But she did not remark this aloud; she only coaxed his burning head back upon the pillow again, and tried to divert his mind to other subjects. But Captain Vane could only speak and think of one thing; and, strange to say, in the excitement of his nerves, he remembered rather the possibility of revenge than the reality of sorrow.

The doctor, hastily summoned, came straight to the bedside of the unhappy man, who was tossing and groaning in fevered, tumultuous unrest.

Every one knew by this time that poor Winifred had gone out to meet her lover, and never returned. Some of the villagers had even seen her, as they passed, leaning against the stile, with a sweet, serious contemplative face, waiting for her happiness.

That she had met foul play, no one could doubt. The squire and his daughter were able to identify the hat and veil as those she had worn on leaving the house for this interview; and both had been found in Captain Vane's possession when Mr. Merridew and his men carried him into the house.

But the doctor thought only of his patient now.

The fever had increased so rapidly, that even before he arrived Captain Vane was unconscious.

But though he raved of his love in happier, earlier days, and even of his life in India, not a single reference to poor Winifred's untimely fate crossed his burning lips.

He spoke to her perpetually, calling her by those tender names that lovers use; but she was always living to him.

### CHAPTER V.

TAKEN PRISONER.

Captain Vane awoke with a sense on him of some heavy, dull weight of oppression and terrible weakness, just as people wake out of a painful dream in the dead of the night.

Mrs. Merridew had kept Delia with her, to act as nurse; and here was the face his eyes opened upon wearily, weakly, when his nightmare was over.

Seeing the light of reason once more in those eyes, uplifted so heavily, the girl bent over him, with a cheerful smile.

"I have been ill?" he asked.

There was no motive for disguising the truth; and so she answered, softly, "yes, sir; you have."

"Very ill?"

"I am afraid so; but that cannot signify now that you are so much better."

"So much better!" he repeated, mechanically, and looked at her with a coldly curious air. "And, pray, whom may you be?"

"I am Mrs. Merridew's niece, sir."

"And who is Mrs Merridew?"

"She is the wife of the farmer here."

"Ah!"

And he relapsed into silence, seeming to ponder these things in his mind.

Presently, he spoke again.

"I want to get well as quickly as possible; I have so much to do."

Delia turned, to wipe away a furtive tear. She knew that, in the hearts of all men, he was judged guilty of the crime of having killed Winifred de Lacy in a fit of jealous passion; and it saddened her to hear him speak of a future which might never be his.

Not that she believed this of him for a single second. She was much too loyal and trustful.

But then her faith would go for nothing against the fatal weight of evidence that could be adduced on the opposite side.

She had gone out to meet him; that, Mr. de Lacy, with whom she had been staying at the time, acknowledged with Christian reluctance, being most unwilling to criminate her lover, if he could help it. No one had witnessed their meeting; but that it had actually taken place there seemed no doubt.

His illness was attributed to remorse rather than to sorrow, and instead of softening people toward him, rather hardened their hearts, as it appeared like the consequence and proof of his crime.

Mr. and Mrs. Merridew were the only people in Brierton, besides Delia, who were not persuaded that their roof covered a wretched sinner, who had taken the life of a gentle young creature who loved him to her destruction.

"Why, bang it, wife!" the farmer exclaimed, when he heard this report for the first time, "if I believed that, I'd chuck him out of doors without mercy; but I don't believe it, and I won't!"

"Nor I!" answered Mrs. Merridew, sturdily. "My eyes don't deceive me so easily as all that!"

"You're just of my mind, mistress. Why, when my corn was stolen, didn't I find out the thief by just looking at him? There's no mistaking guilt. The captain gives you back your look honestly and readily; and a guilty man hangs his head, is shy of observation, and quick of fear. If they talked till they were black in the face, it wouldn't make me believe there was any harm in our visitor."

"Of course there ain't. But who did it, then?"

"That's beyond me, and beyond the lawyers, too; but time will show, my dear."

"Fancy his fixing on the squire," said Mrs. Merridew, smiling at the absurdity of the selection.

"But people, when they are mad, are sure to hit upon the most unlikely. He won't say that when he gets better."

When Captain Vane got better, he said nothing. They wondered at his reserve, being plain-spoken, blunt people themselves; but it was a part of his purpose to work diligently, without letting any human being guess his intention.

Meanwhile, the rumor which had fastened on him as the murderer gathered strength and consistency. It was already an established fact in the minds of the credulous villagers, and they resolved to hoot and stone him as soon as he came forth.

All unconscious of their design, also of the terrible suspicion that was gradually working its way toward those in authority, Captain Vane took advantage of his hours of weakness to mature his plans.

He had the paper he had received from Mr. Langley under his pillow, and consulted it frequently.

Delia often heard him repeat these three names on it in a musing fashion, and wondered why.

But he gave her no hint. And as his health mended, there came such an expression of rigid, calm determination on his face, that she would have been bold indeed if she had dared to question him.

One day he put the paper aside, as if now it had served its purpose, and said, gravely—

"I mean to get up to-day, Delia. I am wasting a good deal of valuable time lying here, and I am quite strong now."

"But give yourself one more day of rest," she pleaded.

"Not another hour!" he answered, firmly. "You don't understand."

"I understand that you will be ill again, if you exert yourself too soon."

He shook his head decidedly.

"I shall not be ill *now*."

"Why not now?"

"You don't understand," he repeated, with some irritation. "I told you so before."

Delia desisted then, and left him, believing that he would find out his weakness when he began to move. But, to her surprise, he dressed himself entirely, in a very short space of time, and came out of his room with a little glow of excitement on his wan face, and a firm, steady step.

Delia was sitting in the low window-seat waiting. She had fetched him a glass of wine and a large slice of sweet, white bread, thinking he would be exhausted with his efforts, and he smiled on her, for the first time, as he took them from her hand.

"What a thoughtful child you are!"

She blushed and trembled at his praise, and hazarded a shy glance into his stern face.

If it were Delia's fate to love this man, it would be hard indeed—for he had no more thought of her than the moon has of the flowers that worship it from afar, with bowed heads.

He knew that she was lovely, but he recognized this as coldly as the moon recognizes the beauty of the flowers. He believed that all passion, all tenderness were buried in the grave of his first love, and that he had done with life, except for the sake of revenge.

He eat his bread, and drank his wine, sitting on the low seat beside Delia; and then, refreshed and strengthened, he rose to his feet again, declaring he must go to his work, for there was no time to spare.

Delia stepped before him, saying, passionately, "don't go till I have told you something, sir. I have been wondering if you would hate me if I did; and yet, somehow, I think it would come best from me."

"What is it?" he asked, without sign of curiosity. "I am sure you would not pain me unnecessarily, Delia."

"Oh, no, no!" she answered, fervently. And then, gathering up all her courage, she added, "the police are down-stairs with uncle."

"What, then?"

"Oh, sir, don't you understand?"

"They have found out her destroyer?" he hazarded; and the words came out very faintly.

Delia covered her face for a moment, and then she said, with a choking sob, "Oh, sir, they think it was you!"

"Me!"

He stared at her incredulously. It was clear that no such thought or possibility had ever entered his brain.

"But I loved her," he murmured, half aloud. "Do they know that, I wonder? How can a man kill that which makes all his joy and happiness, all his future on earth?"

"But men are so base and cruel," said Delia. "If Heaven judged as harshly as they do, what would become of us all?"

"What will become of us now?" he observed, with a bewildered glance out of the window, where he could see dimly, through the hot haze, Brierton Wood, and the river beside it, with its green, treacherous glitter.

"Hark!" exclaimed Delia, under her breath. "They are coming for you!"

"Let them come!" he answered, straightening himself defiantly, as heavy steps and rough voices were heard in the hall below. "If they can prove that I killed my darling, I will save them the trouble of hanging me, that is all!"

He stood calmly waiting, whilst the sound of every tread went to Delia's heart, and made her shudder and sigh. If she only dared, she would have flung her weak arms about him, and sheltered him with her body from the assaults of his enemies; but then the flower that loves the moon has only to repent and die.

The men evidently expected some resistance, for, directly they caught sight of Captain Vane, they began their usual formula about "coming peaceable, and it would be the better for him in the long run."

"I am quite ready," was the calm reply. Then he bent down to Delia.

"Thank you for all your goodness," he said, more gently than he had yet spoken. "We shall meet again in happier times."

"I hope so," responded Delia, with tears in her voice.

"Truth will always prevail, Delia; be sure of that. The mystery of my darling's death seems impenetrable just now; but wait one year, and then see."

"What shall I see then?"

"You will see the dark things made light—the obscure clear," he answered, dreamily and prophetically. "A patient man is better than a king, for he possesses the whole world. I know that if I wait, I shall gain the knowledge I require at last. Now I am ready," he continued, to the men. "I should only ask to be allowed to thank my host, in passing, for the kindness he has shown me."

But both Mr. and Mrs. Merridew had disappeared. They could not bear that their guest should be carried from their house to a prison, and had not the heart to witness his departure.

Through the sweet-scented lanes, bright with hedge-flowers, Captain Vane went his dreary way. But the perfumes scattered so lavishly on the still, summer air, reminded him of the morning, two weeks ago, when he had walked joyfully through them to keep tryst with his love, and the flood of memories they evoked turned him sick and faint.

He stood still, panting.

"Are we obliged to walk?" he asked, looking imploringly at his guard.

"Not if you ain't ekal to it—oh, no!" one of them replied. "There's a conveyance to be had at the inn, and I can't say myself but what driving would be the pleasantest way of the two, as you ain't ekal to walking."

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble," said Captain Vane, politely.

"That's no matter. I must say this for you—you are a very peaceable gent in your manner," replied the policeman, doing involuntary homage to the perfect breeding of his prisoner.

"I suppose," observed the young officer, with a faint smile, "you don't often take gentlemen?"

"Well, no. Our business lays chiefly with poachers, and such like; and sometimes we have a deal of trouble to get them along. But your behavior does you credit, sir."

The "sir" dropped out unawares, for William Bence, to do him justice, was not in the habit of being so civil as this.

"I am glad I give satisfaction," responded the other, with ironical emphasis. "It must be much more agreeable for you."

"A deal more agreeable for both parties. That's what I always tell them; but, lor', they're so obstinate, they won't be persuaded, though I must know best."

Captain Vane found himself an object of painful interest to the men collected about the green as they crossed it, but he held himself bravely, nevertheless.

When they entered the inn, the mob followed, and crowded into the bar, and blocked up the doorway. But the police, being accustomed to this sort of thing, soon dispersed the curious gazers, and the prisoner had a quiet interval whilst the horse was being harnessed.

Once the pretty bar-maid came in on some excuse, and looked at him compassionately. But her eyes were soft and very beautiful, and their gentle glance soothed rather than hurt him.

He bowed in grateful recognition of her sympathy; and after that, Mary would not have believed in his guilt, even if there had been a witness to swear to the fact.

But, then, he had such a handsome face, and the female mind is unduly impressed with such things.

As the gates of the prison opened noisily, to let him through, Captain Vane's heart sank within him, and a momentary sense of fear and horror came upon him.

Liberty is dear to all men, but it was specially dear to Captain Vane just now.

The only comfort he had had in his great sorrow was the thought of avenging his beloved, and bringing her destroyer to justice.

He had carefully treasured the button and fragment of cloth he had found by the river-side; and hoped, some day, to use this against the man who had killed her.

He was searched on entering the prison, but he managed to elude the vigilance of the gaolers; and no sooner did he find himself alone in his cell, than he concealed it in the mattress of his pallet-bed. Then he sat down, and calmly reviewed his position. He decided to ask Mr. Langley to undertake his defence, feeling sure that, having known him from his youth, he would not be likely to doubt his innocence.

Then, without fear, he resigned himself to the chances of the future.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he thought, "life has no charms for me that I should care to prolong it. I would fain stay, just to avenge my darling; but if this is denied me, the end has no terror in my sight, since it promises me a happy meeting with her in Heaven."

Even the thought of her, in her young beauty and brightness, "cut down like the grass," became an unbearable, agonized memory; and, covering his face, he wept like a child.

"Oh, my love, my love! if I might only have died for thee!" was his wild cry, as the night, dark, and stormy, and starless, darkened around his prison walls.

A forlorn wind sighed as he sighed, and made soft moans; only he heard nothing but the passionate throbbings of his own heart, crying, mutely, when his lips ceased, "Oh, my love, my love! if I might only have died for thee!"

### CHAPTER VI.

NOT PROVEN.

Captain Vane had not long to wait before his trial came on. He wondered who were to be the witnesses against him, and was shocked to find that Delia was cited to appear for the prosecution, knowing how this necessity would pain her tender heart.

He sent her a kindly message, through Mr. Langley, not to distress herself, as nothing she had to say could harm him; and Delia wept in pure thankfulness.

She had been torturing herself with the fear that he might think she went willingly and without due regard to consequences.

But this assurance, direct from his lips, comforted her greatly, and made the task before her possible, if not easy.

Captain Vane congratulated himself again and again that he had no mother living to

be afflicted by his ill-fortune; and yet sometimes he longed, like a child, for some shoulder on which to lay down his weary head—for some sympathizing ear in which to whisper all his sorrow.

He believed that he had done with all other love, just when he had most need of it. He could not see beyond the dark cloud that now enveloped his life.

His wonderful calmness—amounting almost to indifference—at the trial, astonished his judges. It was not obliged to be the calmness of innocence, for guilty men could feign it at times; but it made a favorable impression, nevertheless.

They could prove that Winifred de Lacy had gone to this meeting with him, and never returned; they could prove that he had also been there; but beyond this they could not reach, for the river flowed to the great sea, which seldom gives up its dead.

They could hardly have quarrelled, since they had not met.

Mr. de Lacy and his daughter both reluctantly identified the hat and veil as the ones they had seen her wear when leaving the house; and the police having measured the footprints on the bank where the grass had been beaten down, and the damp soil gave a good impression of a small, arched foot, they exactly corresponded with a boot of Winifred's produced in court.

The other footprints had been carefully obliterated, showing that her companion was anxious to escape detection, and had not been too agitated to take proper precautions. Therefore, his previous conduct explained his subsequent plea of "Not guilty," and showed that he hoped to escape the consequences of his crime, to the official mind.

The squire and his daughter also testified that the unfortunate girl had left their house for the place of the rendezvous at five minutes to six precisely; and when this fact came out, Captain Vane could hardly suppress a cry of anguish.

If he had but lingered rather less on the way, and given Winifred credit for a little impatience, as well as himself, she might have been alive now.

But what was the use of these regrets? They could not call his darling back to life; neither could they avenge her. He must conquer every sense or instinct that might hinder him in his purpose.

The verdict of the jury, "Not guilty," made him free once again. The Scotch law would have had it "Not proven;" but we give our prisoners the full benefit of any doubt, and hold them absolutely innocent if we cannot prove them absolutely guilty.

Captain Vane was released from prison, and breaking away from Mr. Langley's congratulations, he passed alone out of the frowning shadow of the black walls; hearing, as he went, the groans of some poor wretch whom he left behind.

Once in the country, he paused irresolute, not knowing which way to take. He was still hesitating, when a carriage drove past him quickly, stopped a little beyond, and then came back.

He had not looked up before, but the sudden cessation of the sound of carriage-wheels on the road, and the return of the vehicle, excited his curiosity, and he glanced at its occupants with some surprise.

He recognized the gentleman at once as James de Lacy; and the young girl seated beside him he guessed to be his daughter.

Madeleine de Lacy's face was just the one a man would dwell upon when he was in trouble. Pure and sweet, with earnest eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, which contrasted prettily with the golden brown of her hair, she struck even the most casual observer as a woman to love, and trust, and reverence devoutly.

Giving the reins into his daughter's hands, Mr. de Lacy jumped down, and came up to Captain Vane.

"I am lucky to have met you," said the old man, with a quiet smile; "for they told me the trial would not be over until four o'clock, and it is now scarcely three. Madeleine and myself quite intended to be in court to hear the verdict, never doubting but that they would acquit you, and being anxious to show our sense of the cruel injustice of the accusation."

Captain Vane had had an unreasoning prejudice against Mr. de Lacy, but at these words, so kindly spoken, so infinitely grateful to him in his loneliness and desolation, his heart began to soften, and the tears came into his dim eyes.

"You are very good," he answered, brokenly, "and I feel your goodness the more that I am conscious how little I merit anything of the sort at your hands."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Mr. de Lacy, with a genial air. "If you think me capable of bearing malice for a few rash words, spoken in the heat of fever, you wrong me indeed. So lightly did I judge you, Captain Vane, that I never even mentioned the circumstance to my daughter, in whom I have the most entire confidence. But actions speak louder than words, and I will prove my sincerity by asking you to come and share our humble home, and such poor comfort as we can offer you. Madeleine and I have consulted together, and are mutually of opinion that, after all you have gone through, you require perfect rest for a while; and I can promise you this under our roof, if you consent to become our guest."

The offer was such a surprise to Captain Vane that he said, in spite of himself, "I am quite overcome by your kindness, Mr. de Lacy, feeling that I have no claim even to ordinary consideration at your hands."

"Nay; every one who has been misjudged and ill-used has a claim upon me. Besides, you forget that I was in some sort a connection of the poor child who was taken so early and so sadly from the midst of us."

"Has it struck you, Mr. de Lacy, that I might prejudice you in the world if I became an inmate of your house?"

"A fig for that!" he exclaimed, with generous enthusiasm. "I am much too old, and, I hope, too wise, to care what the world says or thinks."

"But your daughter—"

"My daughter and I are always of one opinion. Madeleine, my dear!"

She turned her fair, beaming face toward them.

"Yes, papa."

"Captain Vane seems to fancy that you may object to the arrangement I propose."

"Then it shows he does not know me, papa—that is all," she answered, readily. "I believe it was my own proposition in the first instance, was it not?"

"So it was, my dear. I heartily beg your pardon for forgetting. Captain Vane, you will not deny us after this?"

The young officer had it in his heart to say, "I will," sternly and curtly, for this man was, in spite of all, Winifred's possible murderer; but, looking at his benevolent face, and recollecting how desolate and despised he was, he saw the Christian charity that prompted these two to offer him the shelter of their home and name until the crisis was past, and he decided to accept.

But, first of all, he considered it his duty to draw Mr. de Lacy on one side, and say, "I think it right to tell you, sir, that my one object in life is to discover Winifred's destroyer; and that even living under your roof, and partaking of your hospitality, I would denounce you at once, without a moment's hesitation, if I discovered you to be the man. Will you take me on these terms?"

Mr. de Lacy appeared to hesitate for a moment; and then he said, "Certainly; why not? I can trust you, I am sure, as a gentleman, not to pursue your investigations in such a way as to prejudice me in my household, or excite any suspicions in my daughter's mind. She is dearer to me than my very life; and has been my cherished companion ever since she could speak. It would break my heart if she were taught to think ill of me!"

"Under any possible circumstances, I should be incapable of such a cruel act."

Mr. de Lacy extended his hand, with a cordial smile.

"I see we understand each other, Captain Vane. I have no reason to dread your scrutiny, or even deprecate it, beyond this; and I repeat, unhesitatingly, that if you will condescend to make our house your home until your health is completely re-established, both Madeleine and myself will be very happy to see you."

"I am greatly indebted to you for your offer," replied the young officer, with grave courtesy; "and I accept it as frankly as it was made, on the conditions I made just now. I am aware that it appears ungracious to insist upon this; but I must be faithful to my one purpose, even if I am unfaithful to myself."

"What is your purpose?" inquired Mr. de Lacy, slowly.

"To discover the man who killed Winifred, and bring him to justice."

Mr. de Lacy stopped to give his daughter a nod and a smile before he answered.

"I should fancy your task would be a difficult one."

"Why?"

"Because he appears hitherto to have evaded suspicion so cleverly, and left no trace that might lead to his discovery."

"Pardon me; you are wrong there. I am not starting on my search entirely without a guide."

Mr. de Lacy started violently, and uttered a sharp cry, darting toward the carriage as he did so.

"Oh, Madeleine—my dear, dear child!" Captain Vane heard him say, "how could you frighten me so terribly?"

"What, papa?"

"I thought the pony was going to run away."

"I don't believe he had any intention of the kind. He was only lashing his tail to keep off the flies."

"But you hold the reins so loosely, my love!"

"Because I have such perfect confidence in Brownie's discretion, papa. I am sure that nothing earthly would tempt him to run away."

"He looked very like it," gasped her father.

Madeleine laughed—a laugh of silver and pearls.

"What a dear, nervous old darling you are! Supposing Brownie did run away—what then?"

"You might be killed."

"Since poor Winifred's death, you have been so nervous about me," said Madeleine, her eyes dropping, and a shadow as of pain coming over the tranquil beauty of her face; "and you know I have been so lucky ever since I was born."

He stooped down and kissed her, with a face of such absorbing, passionate love, that it was a wonder to see.

"I hope you may keep so always, my darling. You deserve all the good that can come to you."

"You will make me dreadfully conceited, papa, if you don't take care."

"I am not afraid of that."

She shook her head as he went back to Captain Vane, and her gentle smile followed him like a blessing.

He apologized politely for his sudden departure.

"I interrupted you, too, at a very interesting part of the conversation," he added. "You were telling me that you had something in your possession which would enable you to trace the murderer of my unfortunate kinswoman. Am I not right?"

"I did not go quite so far as that. I merely said that I was not starting on my search entirely without a guide."

"Ah! that was it. I beg your pardon for not remembering your exact words, but my daughter startled me so much, everything went out of my head but her."

"She did not appear to be in any danger, either."

"You see how foolish we fathers can be, Captain Vane. The pony whisked its tail and I flew to the rescue as anxiously as if I had not seen him do the same thing a thousand times. But she is my only one, and that must plead as my excuse."

"Surely there can be no excuse needed," said Captain Vane.

"I don't know; it must look very absurd to outsiders. But about these proofs you possess?" he added, abruptly. "Are they at all conclusive?"

"I think so."

Mr. de Lacy stroked his white beard with a reflective air.

"I am afraid it would be impertinent to inquire what they were."

"I prefer to keep silence for the present," returned the captain. "There are many reasons why it is best."

"I see—excuse my freedom—but one naturally feels so much painful curiosity on the subject. If I can be of use to you at any time, pray command my services. But we shall soon be better acquainted, I hope, and then you will not have the same scruple about trusting me."

Their eyes met, and there was something so steady and calm and gracious about the elder man, that it conquered the last remnant of Captain Vane's suspicion, and he began to trust him thoroughly and entirely.

He even regretted the reservation he had made, and was about to confide in him fully when Madeleine called out, with a smile, "Papa, the pony is beginning to whisk its tail again. The fact is, it is impatient to be off."

"Is that a hint, my dear?" he asked, beaming round upon her.

"A very strong one, too, papa," replied Madeleine.

"Very well; we are coming. After you, Captain Vane," he added, bowing before his guest, with old-fashioned courtesy. "Madeleine is right to hurry us, for we shall have plenty of time to talk when we get home. Might I venture to advise your sending to town for your luggage?"

"Thank you, to-morrow will do," was the reply.

"Just as you like, of course;" and he followed Captain Vane to the carriage.

Madeleine moved her dainty skirts on one side, to make room for one of the two gentlemen; and Captain Vane was moving round to the back, when Mr. de Lacy said, emphatically, "Not for all the world! That is my place to-day!" and, jumping in, left Captain Vane no other alternative but to take the seat at Madeleine's side.

He was thinking of Winifred all the way, and yet he had time to note that Madeleine was a charming companion, and managed Brownie with perfect grace and skill.

It was strange to Captain Vane to find himself that night sleeping under the roof of a man whom he had deemed his enemy. He opened the window the last thing, and looked out on the moonlit lawn, with a kind of wonder of himself, and of everything.

Then suddenly the tide of bitter memories became too strong for him, and bowing his head on the sill, he wept aloud, crying out, in the anguish of his heart, "Oh, my darling, my darling! how can I live without thee!"

The moan of the wind amongst the tall tree-tops was his only answer—until, presently, he heard a cry that seemed like the echo of his own, and a wild shadow fled across the lawn, and disappeared into the darkness beyond, like some perturbed spirit.

He waited a minute to wonder who this could be that haunted the gloom so strangely, and hushed his own sobs to listen. But all was quiet again, until the fitful wind came sighing to his ear once more, bruising the blank silence with its eerie cry.

He shut down the window then, and threw himself across the bed; but in the dead of the night, when the house was hushed in repose, he heard a cautious step creep past his door, and was still trying to account for this circumstance when sleep came suddenly on his tired eyes, and he thought no more.

*(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 9.)*

THE

# Bandits of the Prairie.

## A TALE OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

"That cursed medicine-man has returned to his tribe, and urged them to the pursuit," said George Stanhope. "He must have run with superhuman speed, to regain the village and return with his savage warriors in so short a time."

"I told you he was the devil, but you would not believe me," said Jack Lewis.

"I will admit that he is a fiend in human shape—and I pray Heaven we may none of us fall into his power. I would rather die at once."

"Amen to that!" exclaimed Myra Lewis, fervently.

"Don't be uneasy, little girl," said her father. "You shall not be taken while I live to defend you."

"And I, for another, will willingly give up my life for you," said Stanhope, earnestly.

"Thank you!" replied the girl, simply, but her voice trembled with emotion.

The headlong speed with which they were going rendered lengthy conversation impossible. The rangers spoke not, except an occasional word of encouragement to their faithful horses. On, on they went over the level plain; the earth beneath their feet, and the innumerable stars overhead, seemed flying swiftly past. Yet the thunder of the pursuing horses grew plainer and plainer; the wild shouts of the savage Camanches sounded nearer and nearer.

"They are gaining every moment," said Captain Carrol. "At this rate, they will overtake us before another hour. Our horses are jaded, while theirs are fresh and eager for the race."

"What's to be done?" asked one of the rangers. "Shall we stop and fight?"

"We will run as long as we can—every mile takes us nearer the settlements. If they get too close, we will fire a volley into their ranks, and then on again."

"I'm afraid they'll overhaul us before we get out of the way," continued the ranger, anxiously.

"I'm afraid so, too," replied Captain Carrol, "but we will do the best we can. Carlos, how far is it yet to Stanhope's ranche?"

"A long distance," said Carlos, who still rode slightly in advance of the others. "We cannot reach it before sunrise, if we ride without stopping."

"And long before sunrise the Camanches will be upon us. Well, we will have to fight, I suppose, though the red-skins must outnumber us two to one."

"And every minute of delay on our part will aid Juan's escape, if he desires to escape."

"True—but we cannot help it. Our horses are running their best, and they may give out entirely before long. If we had hanged that medicine-man, all this trouble would have been avoided," muttered Captain Carrol, regretfully.

"I think we can outrun them," said Carlos, confidently.

"I rather think we can't—but we'll dodge them as long as possible," replied the ranger. "Use your spurs, boys—remember we are running for life—on, on, on!"

The band of whites swept along like an army of dusky shadows; and in swift pursuit, gaining slowly but steadily, came the Camanche warriors, making the silent night hideous with their yells. Mile after mile was passed over; shorter and shorter grew the distance between the hostile bands, until they were scarcely a hundred yards apart.

"We must fight," called out Captain Carrol, at length. "Turn your horses, boys, quick—each one take careful aim—fire!"

Quick as thought, the rangers and the other men wheeled around so as to face the approaching foe; nearly thirty rifles were raised, and their sharp report rang through the air—followed, almost immediately, by a series of wild, terrified howls from the Camanches. The volley was well-directed and effective; several red warriors tumbled from their horses, and the whole band halted, to take care of the dead and wounded. Captain Carrol uttered a low chuckle of delight.

"Well done, boys—we've sent some of them to the happy hunting-grounds," he said. "Now forward again as fast as you can go—this will give us a chance to get ahead again, but the red-skins will be after us again in a moment."

The flight was continued by the whites, but the Camanches did not follow. Several minutes passed, but still there were no signs of pursuit by the savages.

"Do you think they have given up the chase?" asked George Stanhope, who rode by the side of Jack Lewis and his daughter.

"Not they," replied the old hunter. "I calkerlate their chief has fallen, but if the medicine-man is still alive, he will urge 'em on again in a moment. He never gives up."

"If they delay much longer, we will have such a start that they cannot overtake us," continued Stanhope.

"Mebbe so—but I'm afraid not. Them Injun hosses can run like deer, and our ponies are purty well fagged out—particularly them that have to carry double."

"I know it—but the night is well advanced—we can reach our ranche by daylight, and there we can easily defend ourselves against the savages, if they follow us that far."

"And what will become of the poor little girl, your sister?" asked the hunter, pityingly.

"God pity her!" murmured Myra Lewis.

"She must—she shall be rescued from the power of that villain!" exclaimed Walter Darrell.

"Amen to that, stranger," returned Jack Lewis. "I'm not agoin' to give up till I see that Juan swingin' from a tree, and the girl safe back in her home."

"I think the Indians have abandoned the pursuit," continued Darrell. "But no—great Heaven! listen to those cries—they are coming again."

"Well, we'll pepper 'em again—that's all," said the old hunter, coolly.

"Ride, boys, for your lives!" shouted Captain Carrol's cheerful voice.

The rangers needed no urging. They knew very well that it was a race for life or death, and they goaded their tired horses forward mercilessly. The Camanches were a long distance behind, and they appeared to gain on the fugitives very slowly. The race continued in this manner for many miles, the Indians gaining gradually on the whites. The night was nearly gone; a faint grayish light appeared in the east, betokening the approach of morning. Our friends hailed this with delight, for they felt certain that their enemies would abandon the chase as soon as daylight appeared.

"Hurrah!" shouted Captain Carrol. "If we can only hang on awhile longer we shall be out of danger. We must be nearing Stanhope's ranche—eh, Carlos?"

"We are nearing the cave of the bandits—Stanhope's house is three or four miles further on."

"We will be between two fires, should the Camanches follow us that far," continued the ranger.

"There were none of the men at the cave except Juan, when I left," replied Carlos.

"And if he hears us coming, he will doubtless make good his escape."

"I fear so, but he can scarcely get away with the girl unseen."

"How far is this cave from here?"

"I cannot tell exactly, in the darkness—probably a half-hour's ride."

"And the red-skins will be on us again before fifteen minutes. Boys, did you all reload your rifles?" asked Captain Carrol, looking back at his band of followers.

The rangers all replied in the affirmative.

"Then be ready to let drive another volley into the midst of yonder howling demons when I give the word. Don't fire till I tell you—let them get within good range."

The rangers grasped their rifles, and looked back at the foe, although they did not check their horses. The light of day was now breaking over the plain, and the forms of the savage warriors could be distinctly seen. They could distinguish the tall form of the medicine-man, riding slightly in advance of the Indians, and urging them on by shouts and violent gesticulations. Pursuers and pursued were scarcely more than fifty yards apart; the leader of the rangers was about to order his men to fire, when the Camanches resorted to their rifles. A loud report startled the air, and one of the rangers reeled from his saddle and fell to the ground.

"Ha! both parties can play at that game!" cried Captain Carrol. "Boys, turn about—every fellow take aim at that cursed medicine-man—fire!"

Over twenty rifles cracked simultaneously, and five or six Indians, among them the dreaded medicine-man, fell from the backs of their horses. A fearful howl went up from the remaining Camanche braves, when they saw the fall of their comrades.

"Hurrah!" shouted Captain Carrol. "The ringleader is killed at last."

"And it's my opinion they'll not foller us any further," remarked Jack Lewis.

"I think the same, but we'll go on at any rate. Who of us was shot—ah, Billy Barton. Is the poor fellow dead?" asked Carrol, pityingly.

"Dead enough, captain—he's shot through the brain," replied a ranger who had dismounted to examine the body of his comrade.

"Well, well—such will be the fate of all of us sooner or later," said Carrol, sadly. "We must leave the body here till we are done with these outlaws, and then we will give him decent burial—if the poor fellow needs it by that time. Now, Carlos, lead on to this nest of robbers, or I am afraid we shall be too late to do any good."

Our friends rode on toward the crimsoning east, while the Indians, disheartened by the fall of their leader, gathered up the bodies of the wounded braves, and started back in the direction of their familiar haunts.

"There they go!" cried Jack Lewis, exultantly. "They have learnt a lesson they won't soon forget, and I rather reckon they won't bother white folks again for a long time."

"Do you think they have really abandoned the chase?" asked George Stanhope.

"Yes, sir, I'm certain of it; we needn't be afraid of them now," returned Lewis.

In a short time our friends arrived at the banks of Silver Creek. They descended to the edge of the water at the ford, a hundred yards below the retreat of the bandits; and here, at the suggestion of Carlos, they left their horses, and approached the mouth of the cave on foot.

"We must be very cautious," said Carlos, who led the way. "Let five or six men follow me into the cave, while the rest remain outside."

"I will go with you," said Captain Carrol. "And I," said Jack Lewis. "And I," said Walter Darrell. Indeed, every man was eager to enter the dark retreat, but Carrol selected three of his men, and they, with Lewis and Darrell, followed Carlos into the cave.

"Have your revolvers ready," said Carlos, as he paused to strike a light.

"All right, lead on," whispered Captain Carrol, impatiently.

By the aid of the light, the men made their way along the passage to the room in which the females had been imprisoned, the door was thrown open, and the light of the candle illumined the grotto—but it was empty.

"Too late—the bird is flown!" exclaimed Carlos, with an oath.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAPTURE OF THE BANDITS.

"Perhaps they are concealed in some other part of the cave," suggested Captain Carrol.

"They are gone—I am certain of it," replied Carlos, positively, "but there is another room in the cave—we will examine that, if you think best."

"By all means, let us look into every hiding-place."

The men crawled along the difficult passage to the other room, but it was also deserted. The bandits had made their escape in good time.

"We are wasting time by searching here," said Carlos. "I know every nook and corner of the cave, and I am certain that there is no one concealed within it."

"Then lead the way out as fast as possible," replied the ranger.

In a few moments they emerged into the open air, where their friends awaited them anxiously.

"We are too late—the bandits are gone," said Captain Carrol, in answer to numerous inquiries.

"Poor Louisa!" murmured Mr. Stanhope, hushily.

"We shall overtake them yet, before they get across the border—for without doubt they have started for Mexico," said Carlos. "Wait a moment, till I see if the horses are all gone."

Carlos walked to the mouth of the cave, which had been used as a stable, and entered. In a moment he returned, with the intelligence that not an animal remained.

"What direction do you think Juan has taken?" asked the captain of the rangers.

"Southwest," replied Carlos. "He has crossed the creek at this point, and we can easily strike his trail on the other bank. I think they will try to drive the herds into Mexico before them, and if so, we can easily overtake them."

"We must start in pursuit at once," said Captain Carrol, "but we cannot all go. Our horses are too weary to carry double any further, and we must travel with all possible speed. How far is your house from here, Mr. Stanhope?"

"Not much more than three miles, I think," replied Mr. Stanhope.

"Then I propose that you, or your son, with Mr. Darrell and Miss Lewis, make your way there, while the rest of us go in pursuit of the bandits. We have not horses enough for all, and should there be fighting to do, my men are better trained to such business than you."

"I shall go with you if I have to walk," said Walter Darrell.

"I will change places with you—you can take my horse," volunteered one of the rangers.

"All right—let us be going at once," replied Darrell.

They walked back to the spot where they had left their horses, and forded the wide, shallow stream.

This accomplished, George Stanhope, Miss Lewis, and one of the rangers, dismounted, and bade farewell to the rest of the party.

"Good-bye, father — Walter," said George, "I would like to assist in the rescue of my sister, but in the present state of affairs I would only be an encumbrance."

"There are enough of us without you, my boy," replied Mr. Stanhope. "We cannot both go, and a father's affection is stronger than a brother's. Hasten home to your heart-broken mother—tell her that, God willing, our lost darling shall be restored in safety. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, little girl!" said Jack Lewis, laying his hand tenderly upon his daughter's head.

"Good-bye, father!" replied the girl, with tearful eyes.

"Lead on, Carlos," cried Captain Carrol, impatiently, "let us find the trail, and be off."

"Follow me," answered Carlos, urging his horse into an easy gallop.

"The trail of the bandits was easily found and followed. It led for two or three miles in a southerly direction, and at length diverged to the westward; and here the ground was much tramped and torn, as if a herd of buffalo had recently passed over it.

"What does this mean?" asked the leader of the rangers.

"It means," replied Carlos, "that the herdsmen have collected all the cattle together at this point, and they are now driving them toward Mexico."

"The scoundrels!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope. "They would rob me of my child and wealth at one blow."

"But they will fail in both, and get their necks stretched in the bargain," said Captain Carrol.

"I hope they will meet the reward of their actions, but I fear we cannot overtake them."

"You needn't be alarmed, Mr. Stanhope," said Jack Lewis, "for if my eyes don't fool me I see a glimpse of the rascals away yonder now."

"You are right, Lewis," said Carrol. "I see a vast herd of cattle, with several horsemen riding behind—doubtless they are the men we are after."

"They are moving slowly—they are not yet aware of our approach," remarked Carlos.

"We will rush upon them like a hurricane," cried Carrol, exultantly. "Boys, have your revolvers out, but don't kill the scoundrels if you can help it—we want to have the fun of hanging a dozen or so of them."

"Go ahead, captain, there's enough of us to take 'em alive," said Jack Lewis.

"Forward, boys, forward—don't make any noise—the nearer we get without being seen the better for us. Make your horses scratch gravel—on, boys, on!"

The band of avengers rushed away over the plains with terrific speed. Juan, riding in the midst of his noisy herdsmen, heard the thunder of horses' hoofs; and, looking back, he saw the dreaded rangers, whose very name was a terror to outlaws and Indians, scarcely a quarter of a mile away, and coming on with the speed of a tornado. His dark cheek blanched at the sight, but he held his precious burden closer in his arms, resolved never to give the maiden up.

"By Heaven! Gonzales, we are lost!" he said to his lieutenant, who rode by his side.

"Not so!" cried Gonzales, giving one glance at their pursuers. "Our horses can outrun anything they have—let the cattle go to the devil, we must fly for our lives."

The bandit chieftains sunk their spurs into their horses' flanks and dashed away across the prairie, leaving their comrades and the cattle behind. Captain Carrol saw this proceeding, and he muttered a fearful oath.

"Boys, Juan will escape us yet, unless we ride faster than this," he cried. "Let those who can, follow me—I'm going to do some tall running."

The ranger stooped down and whispered a word in his horse's ear, which the animal seemed instantly to understand, for it sprang forward with a speed that was absolutely wonderful. The rangers tried in vain to keep up with their captain; he was rods ahead in a moment, and rapidly gaining on the fleeing bandits. Holding his revolver in one hand and the bridle reins in the other, the valiant ranger uttered a terrible yell, and bore down upon the outlaws like a thunderbolt. The chase was of very short duration; Juan's horse stumbled and fell, throwing the bandit and his prisoner violently to the ground. Gonzales paused to assist his comrade; but ere Juan regained his feet, Captain Carrol was on the spot, and a blow from the butt of his revolver knocked Gonzales senseless from his horse. Fortunately the two ladies were uninjured in the melee. They struggled from the arms of their captors, and stood watching the terrible scene, panting and trembling with exhaustion and fright.

The ranger leaped from his horse, and as he did so, Juan sprang to his feet. They stood face to face, glaring at each other with the fury of tigers.

"Do you surrender, you infernal black-hearted, cowardly thief?" said Captain Carrol.

"Never!" answered Juan, grasping his revolver.

"That's your game, is it?" cried the ranger—and springing forward, he seized the bandit in his iron grasp. A furious struggle ensued. Juan, although much inferior to his antagonist in size, was tough and quick as a panther. He wrestled with the energy of desperation, but he was no match for the brawny ranger. He was overpowered and thrown heavily to the ground, and his conqueror sat astride of his body.

"You villain," said Carrol, savagely, "your time has come—you've disgraced the name of man long enough. You have succeeded nicely in your schemes so far, but justice has overtaken you at last."

"Curse you!" muttered Juan, struggling to free himself.

"No you don't!" growled the ranger. "I've got the material here to secure you, my fine fellow."

Carrol produced a strong piece of rope, and proceeded to bind the outlaw's arms and feet. By the time this was accomplished, the band of rangers had arrived at the spot, and some of them attended to Gonzales, who began to show signs of returning consciousness.

Walter Darrell rushed to the side of his sweetheart, and clasped the almost fainting girl to his breast in a rapturous embrace.

"Oh, my darling, my darling! I have found you at last!" he murmured, pressing kiss after kiss on Louisa's pale lips.

"Oh, Walter, Walter! cut these cruel cords, that I may return your embrace!" sobbed the girl.

"Ah, I did not notice that you were bound," said Darrell, as he quickly severed the cords from the limbs of his sweetheart and her companion, Inez.

"Oh, Heaven be praised! Oh, Inez—dear aunt—we are free at last!" cried Louisa, sobbing joyfully.

Mr. Stanhope now approached, and clasped his darling child in his arms.

"Oh, Louisa, my dear, dear child!" he murmured, while the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Oh, papa, I have suffered so much!" said Louisa. "But I do not regret it, for I have found your long-lost sister—mamma's sister, and yours!"

"What do you mean, child?" asked Mr. Stanhope, in astonishment.

"You have heard mamma speak of her beautiful sister Inez, who was lost long years ago?"

"Yes, yes—but that was far away in Mexico. God alone knows what was the poor girl's fate."

"She lives, papa, she lives—she is here," cried Louisa, grasping the hand of the trembling Inez. "This is Inez Carrasco—mamma's sister, and my aunt. She was carried away to an outlaw's cave by Gonzales Valasquez, and she has been forced to live with him as his wife all these years. Now, thank Heaven, she shall be restored to her friends and to a life of happiness."

"Can this be possible?" said Mr. Stanhope, looking keenly at the woman's care-worn but still beautiful face.

"It is only too true," replied Inez, sadly. "I was once Inez Carrasco, innocent, beautiful and beloved; but I am now old, heart-broken and degraded—the wife of an outlaw and a murderer."

"Your sorrows are over at last—henceforth my home is yours. My wife, your sister, will welcome you as one risen from the dead, and in the happiness of the present you may learn to forget the horrors of the past."

"Heaven grant it!" murmured Inez, bowing her head upon her hands.

Having secured the two outlaws, Captain Carrol remounted his horse and lifted the helpless form of Juan before him, while Jack Lewis performed a similar service for Gonzales.

"Where are the rest of the rascals?" asked Carrol, looking back over the plain and seeing the vast herd of cattle roaming about unrestrained.

"They are gone," answered one of the rangers. "They made off toward the south in a hurry, leaving the cattle to take care of themselves."

"We'll not be likely to catch them—they've got too much the start of us," said Carrol.

"Let them go," said Mr. Stanhope. "It is not likely that they will ever return to these parts, and we shall be saved the trouble of hanging them. We have caught the leaders—I care nothing about the others."

"Well, if you say so, we will not pursue them; but these head-devils have got to swing for it before an hour, if we can find a limb strong enough to bear them," replied Captain Carrol, positively.

"Take them back to the woods along the creek—they carried on their villainy there, and that will be a fittin' place for them to end their career," suggested Jack Lewis.

"Right, Lewis—that will be the very place for the business, and we'll get back there as soon as possible," answered the ranger.

The rangers, with the rescued females and the two prisoners, hurried back to the stream, which they forded, and halted at the edge of the wood, a short distance below the cave of the bandits. The rangers dismounted, and began making preparations for the execution. Two or three stout ropes used for lassoing cattle were produced, and thrown in a suitable position over the branch of a tree. The prisoners viewed these proceedings in sullen silence, but Juan's face was deathly pale, and Gonzales's brawny form trembled perceptibly.

"Do you know what that means?" asked Captain Carrol, pausing before the bandits, and pointing to the dangling ropes.

### CHAPTER XX.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

"Have you no mercy?" asked Juan, in a voice which he strove in vain to render steady.

"Not for such reptiles as you," answered the ranger, fiercely. "You showed no mercy to others, and you need not expect it yourselves. Not content with robbing one who trusted you fully of his property, you must also carry away his young and beautiful daughter—the pride of his heart—to your vile haunts; and had your plans not been frustrated, you would have forced her to be your wife—a degradation worse than death. For these and many other crimes I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

"You are not an officer of the law, and you have no right to hang a man without

a trial," remonstrated Juan, although he knew that he was talking in vain.

"You have had a trial, you scoundrel—the only trial we shall give you, except when we allow you to try the strength of that rope," thundered Captain Carrol. "Boys, I think we are ready—have you the nooses fixed in a proper way?"

"The ropes are all right captain," replied Jack Lewis, who had been attending to this matter.

"Then place them around the necks of the prisoners."

Lewis was about to obey this command, when a strange incident occurred. With a fearful howl, a man rushed from among the trees, and threw himself savagely upon the astonished Gonzales. It was the medicine-man of the Camanches.

His dress, composed of all the finery that barbaric fancy could suggest, was blood-stained and dusty; and the blood flowed in a purple stream from a wound in his shoulder. He was arrayed in all the glory of the hideous war-paint; but about his shoulders and breast it was rubbed off, revealing a skin white and delicate.

"What does this mean?" cried Captain Carrol, feeling something like fear in his bosom.

"It's the devil—no human bein' could come to life after bein' shot the way he was," said Lewis.

Meantime Gonzales, bound hand and foot, was being roughly used by the strange medicine-man. He could offer no resistance to the blows that were rained upon him, but he managed to cry out—

"In the devil's name, who are you?"

"One who will have your heart's blood, Gonzales Valasquez!" said the pretended Indian, fiercely. "You never expected to see me again, did you? You left me for dead in a Mexican forest, but I did not die—I have spent years in a vain search for you, but I have found you at last!"

"Henry Neville!" gasped Gonzales Valasquez.

"Yes, I was Henry Neville *once*, but now I am the great medicine-man of the Camanches. Whoop!"

The new-comer related his grasp of the bandit, and leaping to his feet, commenced dancing around among the frightened rangers, yelling in a horrible manner. The hardy frontiersmen shrank back at his approach, and several grasped their hunting-knives.

"Surely this man, if he is a man at all, is possessed of the devil," said Captain Carrol.

"He is mad," replied Walter Darrell. "You can see the fire of insanity in his eyes."

"Mad, am I? Who says I am mad?" yelled the medicine-man, springing furiously toward the ranger, and drawing a knife from his belt. Carrol also grasped his hunting-knife, but ere he could use it his antagonist snatched it from his hand, uttering a wild laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! you don't know how to use knives," he shouted. "I will show you a little trick with these blades—look here."

The maniac—for such he really was—stepped back a few paces, and raising one of the knives to his mouth, deliberately swallowed it, with hideous groans and contortions of visage.

"You see the power of the Great Spirit. I am the medicine-man of the Camanches!" he cried, swallowing, or pretending to swallow, the other knife in a similar manner.

The rangers, who had never witnessed any feats of jugglery or sleight of hand, were greatly terrified, and regarded the magician as the Evil One himself.

"The saints preserve us!" murmured one, crossing himself devoutly.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" cried Jack Lewis.

Darrell explained to the men that the medicine-man of the Camanches, instead of being the devil, was merely a common juggler, and that his tricks were performed without the aid of any supernatural agency.

"If that's so, the rascal shall hang along with these other villains," said Lewis.

"Hang!" roared the maniac, "who says hang? You attempted to hang me once, but you shall never do it again. There."

Quick as lightning, the madman sprang upon the old hunter, and plunged a knife into his side. With a low groan, Lewis fell to the ground, while his murderer uttered a yell of triumph.

"Die, dog! thus perish all the enemies of the Camanches."

"Seize him!" cried Walter Darrel. "The man has method in his madness, and he must be restrained."

"Aye, he shall hang, and that quickly," said Captain Carrol, when the madman was overpowered and bound. "Mad or not mad, human or devil, he shall swing for what he has just now done. Men, get ready another rope."

In a moment a rope was ready, and Carrol adjusted the noose around the maniac's neck.

"Must this really be done?" asked Darrell.

"Yes, sir, it's got to be done," answered the ranger firmly. "It will be useless for you to say a word against it, for these three scoundrels have seen their last hour upon earth. Men, put the ropes around the necks of the bandits."

The rangers hastened to obey, for they were nearly all anxious to witness the execution. With a shudder, Walter Darrell turned away, and walked to the spot where Mr Stanhope and the two females were standing. The latter gazed upon the scene with horror, but Mr. Stanhope was calm and unmoved.

"Let them hang," he said. "Their doom, although terrible, is a just retribution for their crimes."

"Oh, Heaven, I cannot bear the sight!" said Louisa, turning toward her lover.

Darrell threw his arms around his sweetheart, and drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"It seems horrible, I know, but it is just," he said. "Don't look up, my darling—it will soon be over."

The ropes were adjusted around the necks of the prisoners. Carrol stationed three or four men to each rope, ready to haul up when he gave the order.

"Prisoners, stand upon your feet," said the ranger in a loud voice. "Now, if any of you have anything to say, be quick, your time is short."

Juan and Gonzales maintained a sullen silence, although the latter looked frequently toward his wife, as if he would implore her aid; but the terribly-wronged woman sat with her head bowed upon her hands, and spoke no word in his behalf.

When he found the rope around his neck, the strange medicine-man of the Camanches seemed to recover his reason. He looked boldly around at his stern executioners, and said, in a loud, clear voice, in which could be detected no quiver of fear—

"The hour of my end is come, and I am ready. I do not wish to live longer—but before I die I wish to explain the causes which led me to adopt my present mode of life. I was born to wealth sufficient for all my wants, and was thus enabled to indulge every whim and fancy. I had a passion for travel, and for scientific researches; and when a young man of twenty, I made a tour through Mexico. There I met the beautiful being who changed the current of my life—who aroused in my heart a passion little short of madness. Had I married Inez Carrasco, I might have made a useful and honorable man. But she was carried away from me by this devil in human shape, Gonzales Valasquez; and I was left lying bleeding and almost dead in the lonely forest. When I recovered consciousness, my brain seemed to be on fire. The love which had filled my soul seemed to be blotted out; I had but one thought, one desire, and that was revenge—revenge upon the author of my misery. I sought for him in nearly every part of Mexico, but all in vain; I have never seen the face of the villain from that day until the present time. My reason became dethroned—at times I have been raving mad; and the sight of that devil's face brought on one of the paroxysms. In my wanderings I became an expert in tricks of jugglery and sleight of hand, and this knowledge has saved my life more than once. Several years ago, I fell into the hands of the Camanches, and was about to be put to death, but the performance of some of my tricks convinced the savages that I was especially favored by the Great Spirit, and they at once installed me medicine-man of the tribe. The wild life of the Indians suited me exactly; I remained among them willingly, and became the most powerful man of the tribe. I was more savage and bloodthirsty even than the Camanches; I waged continual war with the whites, and I never spared the life of a captive. The sight of blood, of the torture and death-agonies of others, has been my delight; but my career is ended at last. I have no fear of death; I rejoice at its near approach. Do your duty, men—and let Gonzales Valasquez and Henry Neville end their lives at the same moment."

As Neville ceased speaking, a wild shriek pierced the air, and Inez Valarquez fell forward upon her face in a swoon. A curious change passed over Neville's face as he heard that cry. His eyes glared, his muscles twitched, he ground his teeth together, and frothed at the mouth.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, "I know that voice—it is Inez—Inez, whom I once loved, but whom I now hate, as I hate everything upon earth—ha, ha!"

Mr. Stanhope walked to Captain Carrol's side, and said in low tones:

"I ask you to spare this man's life. He was once that poor woman's lover, and I fear she cannot endure the shock of his death."

Carrol reflected a moment, and then turned to Neville.

"If you will promise never to go among the Indians again," he said, "I will let you go free—not for your own sake, but for the sake of others."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the prisoner. "Never go among the Indians again? Why, I am the medicine-man of the Camanches. If you spare my life, I will rejoin them at once—I will murder, burn, destroy everything that comes in my way—I will exterminate the white race from the earth. Whoop!"

"To release this man would be to cause the murder of many innocent persons," said Captain Carrol; then, turning to the men who held the ropes, he cried:

"Boys, string them up!"

The rangers pulled on the ropes with a will; the bodies of the three prisoners swung in the air. In a few moments their struggles ceased, and all was over.

"We will let them hang till evening, when we will send some men back to bury them," said Captain Carrol, calmly. "Now, Mr. Stanhope, lead the way to your house, where we must carry poor Lewis. He is not dead, but I fear mortally wounded. If so, God pity his pretty daughter."

I will not attempt to describe the joyful meeting between mother and daughter, sisters and sisters. Inez Valasquez was warmly welcomed to her sister's home, where she enjoyed peace and rest, if not happiness.

The old hunter, Jack Lewis, did not die. He slowly recovered from his wound, and was able to sit in a chair and witness the three weddings which shortly took place at Mr. Stanhope's residence—George Stanhope and Myra Lewis, Eugene Layton and Annie Stanhope, and Walter Darrell and beautiful, warm-hearted Louisa. Captain Carrol and his rangers were present at the wedding festivities, which were carried on in true frontier style.

Walter Darrell carried his lovely young wife to his home in New Orleans, where her beauty and virtues rendered her a great favorite in society. Every autumn the happy couple pay a long visit to a beautiful cattle ranche in Texas, where they first met and loved each other.

Carlos was true to his resolve to lead a better life. He remained in Mr. Stanhope's employ, and became his chief herdsman. The rest of the bandits were seen no more in Texas, and it was thought that they found in Mexico a more congenial field for the exercise of their peculiar abilities.

THE END.

## A New Calling.

There are certain ambitious but very impecunious young men who are ever on the alert for helpless old ladies at crossings in London streets. The tradition is that it may happen a fortune may come out of a little act of courtesy. Old ladies in London are regarded as fairy godmothers. But a new edition of these street romances has just been published. Young ladies have a chance as well as young men. It appears that not long ago a blind man was crossing Regent street with a dog, and was in immediate danger of being run over by a rapid carriage. A young lady, acting on the impulse of the moment, rushed forward, gave the blind man a violent push, which sent him flying, but saved his life. The heroic act was witnessed by a wealthy old bachelor passing at the time, who managed to get introduced, proposed, and finally married the plucky young lady. Ever since that date other young ladies have waited eagerly at the crossings to fall in with a similar fate. They have dodged blind beggars all over London, and ogled a likely-looking bachelor. They have prayed for an opportunity of exercising their presence of mind and securing their fortune. This, by the by, is all very well for the ladies, but it is rather a bore for the beggars. A fall is better than death, but there may be cases where the tumble might altogether be dispensed with.

WOULDN'T BE FOOLED.—Several conceited young men were assembled on a street corner, when a poor Dutchman approached. One of them said to his companions—

"Boys, I'm going to have some fun; just watch me fool this Dutchy."

He went up to the German, to whom he said,

"Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?"

The person thus addressed quickly responded—

"Y-a-a-s, I just want to buy a leetle puppy, about your size. Are you for sale?"

## MY AUNT'S SILK DRESS.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Item. To my niece and namesake, Clarissa Harlowe, I give and bequeath my blue silk dress. May it bring her good fortune."

"Is that all?" sighed my mother—when father, who had been to the funeral, and afterward heard the will, had told us. "Is that all she has left the child who was named for her?"

"I did not name her Clarissa to induce her aunt to make her an heiress," said my father somewhat reprovingly, as he left the room.

"No, of course not," my mother went on, "but still I always did think Clarissa would leave you something worth while. She had plenty of property, and no one belonging to her but your father and his family, and now she has gone and left it all to this young Macdonald, son of the man whom she was to have married."

"Tell me about that, mother," I said, always eager for a bit of romance to enliven our somewhat monotonous life. "Why did Aunt Clarissa never marry?"

"I don't know much about it," mother answered. "Your father never seemed to like to talk about it, but I have heard that Clarissa and Captain Macdonald were to be married as soon as he came home from sea—he had gone on some long voyage. Clarissa was here, making us a visit, and the captain got into New York sooner than she expected him. He was met there by his cousin, who had long wanted to marry him herself, and she told him that Clarissa was false, and had gone off with another man. Meaning that your father had brought her home with him. Well, he believed it all, and the girl played her part so well, that he thought she was all he had left in the world, and married her there and then, while poor Clarissa, who left us bright and happy in the thought of her approaching marriage, reached home in time to hear that Captain Macdonald and his bride had sailed for Europe."

"It made a great change in Clarissa," my mother continued. "She grew very quiet and reserved, and people called her *odd*. I should think she was, from her will!"

"But what became of Captain Macdonald and his wife?" I asked.

"In less than two years she died, and he came home bringing his baby with him. Folks thought then that it would all be made up between him and Clarissa, and perhaps it might have been, but he was hardly landed before he was taken sick, and died in a few days."

"And didn't Aunt Clarissa ever see him again?" I inquired with much interest.

"Just before he died, she heard of his sickness, your father told me this, for he was in New York at the time, and she made him go with her to see Captain Macdonald. Your father said the poor little baby sat on the bed by his father, who seemed as if he could not die and leave him. He had found out the truth about Clarissa, and after the first meeting was over, he begged her to take his child.

"At first she seemed to be thinking of the mother, and didn't make much answer, but presently the little fellow began to laugh and crow, and stretch out his arms to her. He looked just like his father, and she couldn't hold out any longer. She just took him up, and promised he should never want, and a few minutes later Captain Macdonald died, with his head on her arm.

"I never saw her again. She seemed to dread to come here, where she was last so happy. She has taken care of that child ever since, and now—"

"And now she has left her fortune to him, and I think she has done quite right," I exclaimed. "Supposing we are not rich, as we used to be, mother, we can live very comfortably, and I certainly think my aunt's adopted son had a greater claim upon her than we had."

My mother only replied with a sigh, and the subject dropped.

In due time my legacy came home. It was a delicate blue silk, with what seemed to be a curiously twining gold vine running over it, but which proved on closer examination to be the letters R. and C. twisted together in every conceivable manner.

"That was to be her wedding-dress," said my mother. "She brought it here to show me. Captain Macdonald brought it home to her. He had the silk made, and the initials of their names, Robert and Clarissa, woven in it."

"What a strange fancy," I said, gently stroking the silk, which seemed to mean so much now, and I folded it and laid it carefully away in my trunk.

Two years had passed, and one evening I was dressing to attend a wedding party. Hattie Stacy, my most especial friend and confidante, was with me. We had arranged each other's hair, and I had helped her finish dressing, and now commenced my own toilet.

"Just look in that trunk for my fan, will you, Hattie?" I asked, as I went toward the closet to get my dress.

Hattie complied, and after a few moments rummaging, and many exclamations of admiration, she drew forth—my legacy.

"Oh, Clara, you wretched creature, how dare you think of wearing that white thing when you have this lovely blue silk! See how it flashes in the light! Put it on this moment!"

"Put it on! Why, Hattie, you are crazy! It was made for my aunt before I was born. We are not going to attend a masquerade!"

"Most true, fair lady," she answered, saucily. "Nevertheless, if you will deign to turn your eyes this way, you will see that 'this relic of by-gone days' is made almost exactly in accordance with the present fashion," and before I could prevent her she had thrown the dress over my shoulders, and was deftly proceeding to arrange it.

It was really strange, but fashion, as it sometimes does, had repeated itself, and the dress, in all respects, looked as if just made. It fitted too, marvellously well, and I knew, as I glanced at myself in the dressing-glass, that Hattie was right when she said it was very becoming.

"Now, take it off as quickly as you can, or we shall be late," I said.

"Take it off! Not I! You must wear it, Clara. You'll be the belle of the evening, and eclipse us all. Must not she wear it, Mrs. Harlowe?" she continued addressing my mother, who had just entered.

"Certainly she must! Clara, my darling, how much you look as your aunt did at your age? I should really like you to wear that dress this evening."

Thus urged I consented, and to hide the sadness that crept over me as I thought for what occasion it had been made, I said, jestingly, "Perhaps I may find the good fortune Aunt Clarissa wished me," and hurrying down stairs, we left the house under my brother's escort.

The wedding was an unusually brilliant one for our little village, and the bridegroom had brought with him many of his city friends.

Several times in the course of the evening I had caught the dark eyes of one of the guests fastened upon me, and at last my hostess approaching with him, introduced him—but in the noise and confusion I lost the name.

He was a tall, dark, somewhat reserved-looking young man—and this very reserve made a certain friendliness that he infused into his manner the more striking. Seeing no occasion for it, I rather resented it, and maintained a cool dignity, till on raising my eyes as I answered some question, they suddenly fell on his neck-tie. To my extreme astonishment it was like my dress! Yes, there could be no mistake! There were the curiously wrought initials! Where could he have become possessed of it? With any ordinary silk of course it might happen, but this!

My companion saw my look of wonder, and answered it by saying, "I see that you notice the similarity of your dress and my scarf. I observed it when you entered the room, and therefore requested an introduction. Am I right in believing that you are the niece of Miss Clarissa Harlowe of New York?"

"Yes," I answered, "and you are—"

"Robert Macdonald, her adopted son. I was, as you perhaps know, absent in Europe at the time of her death, and when I arrived at home her lawyer told me that her bequests had been all attended to, and everything was settled, so I gave no further attention to the will, than to take possession of that which her bounty had left me."

"It was but a week or two ago that in turning over a drawer of old papers, I found a sealed envelope addressed to me. On opening it this scarf and a letter appeared. In the letter your aunt desired me to seek the owner of a dress like the scarf. No clue was given of who or where she was. I went to the lawyer, who could not help me, until a sudden thought striking me, I called for a copy of the will, and finding therein the mention of a blue silk dress, I determined to come here as soon as my duties would allow. Just then my friend invited me to his wedding, and I came with a double object, but not hoping to be so soon successful."

"I have never worn my dress until tonight," I stammered, hardly knowing what to say.

"Nor I my scarf," he rejoined. "It is certainly a remarkable coincidence. May I have the pleasure?" he inquired, offering his arm as the Lancers were called.

We danced and walked and talked together, till Hattie privately accused me of being an outrageous flirt. Thereupon I introduced him to her, and in the midst of an animated conversation she uttered a cry of astonishment as she noticed his scarf.

Of course more explanations ensued.

"If I am to be an object of universal attention on account of my scarf," he observed laughingly, "I shall be obliged to retire from the room."

Just then my brother approached, with, "It's time to go home, girls."

"Take pity on me, Miss Harlowe," said Mr. Macdonald, after I had introduced them, "and allow me to escort you home, for my modesty will no longer allow me to endure those scrutinizing glances."

So he escorted me, while my brother took care of Hattie, and for some inscrutable reason that has been the regular arrangement ever since. Hattie says she is to be my sister next week; while Robert—I mean Mr. Macdonald—who has meanwhile informed me that the remainder of my aunt's injunction was, after finding the owner of the dress, to marry her, declares that on the same day Dick and Hattie are married, he and I are to wear our "monogram silk," as he persists in calling it, and go through the same interesting ceremony.

So, as far as I can see, there is nothing left for me, but to express my firm conviction that Aunt Clarissa's wish has been fulfilled, and that her dress has indeed brought me good fortune.

## "Love in the Nineteenth Century."

This is the title of a bright and pleasant little book, written by Miss HARRIET W. PRESTON, and published by Roberts Brothers of Boston. Reading it, one might almost think that love as an all absorbing passion, was at last giving place to love as a mild and gentle and easily-satisfied sentiment or enthusiasm—so far at least as Boston and New England are concerned.

But, alas, we fear it is not so. Love in the Nineteenth Century, judging from what we daily read in the newspapers, seems to continue to be the same terrible, absorbing passion that it was when Helen's beauty set first Paris, and then the world, aflame.

Still there may be circles in New England of which Miss Preston is able to speak, who have emancipated themselves from the more despotic sway of the goddess Venus, and who have dressed Cupid in becoming attire, and given him a quiver containing only blunted arrows. And we are not certain but that this is a wise "reform," and greatly to be commended.

For what more fruitful source of folly and crime and woe than Love, as judged by the daily and weekly reports of the newspapers? Here a woman shot by a discarded lover, who then shoots himself; there a lover shot by his deserted sweetheart—here a too ardent admirer slain by a jealous husband; there a confiding husband poisoned by the wife who loves some one else—here money stolen by a supposed faithful clerk to lavish on some unprincipled woman in whose smiles he lives; there wife and children and reputation abandoned for the sake of an enchantress who to nobody else seems either beautiful or bewitching. Ah, Love in the nineteenth century, it is evident, is the same old fiery, furious passion, which has been the great instigator of mischief from the time of Adam and Eve.

The hero and heroine of Miss Preston's book meet at a boarding-house in the country. They think they have seen each other before—but it is the young lady—"a reserved, soft-spoken girl of twenty-four"—who makes the first advances. The author says, "My heroine suddenly assumed her prerogative, crossed the square parlor, and sat down beside him." What is meant by "assuming her prerogative," we do not exactly know—if she had said, assumed *his* prerogative, we should have understood her. It seems to us, however, that if "a reserved" young lady could take the initiative in this formidable fashion, there is no telling what a young lady who was not at all "reserved" might have done.

In order to prove how progressive and "æsthetic," and all that kind of thing these young people are, we are told that during this first evening. "*among* the themes" discussed by them, were "the authority of the Scriptures, the antiquity of man, and the true theory of representative government;" and that it was "purely accidental that they did not also touch upon the woman-question, and the relations of capital and labor."

So it will be seen that these two young people were of the true blue-blood of the life intellectual of the modern Athens, who go to hear Professor Agassiz lecture on reptiles, attend the meetings of the Radical Club, and fill up their spare time with discussions of the best mode of transplanting oysters.

In fact, one of the great charms of Miss Preston's book, is that it enables us to see just how much enlightened people make love.

When this model young man and young woman come to part, for the summer is over and gone, the young man—probably David or Nehemiah by name, though the author calls him Julius, to conceal his identity—tries to make a proposal of marriage. He tells her that their acquaintance has been a very pleasant one, and it has occurred to him it might be well to continue it.

She replies that she had never meant "to cut him"—which, considering her conduct in the first place, he must have owned had the appearance of truth.

But, after playing about the subject a little, "Julius" comes right to the point, thus—he suggests the possibility that their gratification in each other's company, "might ripen in time into a more serious and stable feeling—a suitability, a fitness for mutual assistance, a—in short, into the love of husband and wife."

The author does not inform her reader what was the temperature of Julius, or rather Nehemiah's blood, when he made the above cool and sensible declaration of his sentiments—but we are able to assure them that it was just about sixty degrees; or eighty degrees lower than the temperature in such cases of the average young gentleman.

We do not wonder then that Clara—whose right name probably is Priscilla—"shook her head slowly, answering in *a tone of amusement which was yet a little sad*," "Our common gratification, as you call it, has been only the pastime of a summer day. It is singularly unlike the love of fiction"—we think it was—"and what the love of real life may be I have never been able to determine."

Then, after some more suggestive remarks from Julius *alias* Nehemiah, in which he attempts to argue her down, though in a very mild and undecided fashion, the young lady comes out in great force and propriety. She reminds him of their slight acquaintance, that she knows very little about him, does not "understand his temper, his history, his mode of life, and all he thinks about certain moral and social questions"—such, we suppose, as the woman question, and the relations of capital and labor, for they had discussed on the very first evening, as we have said, "the authority of the Scriptures, the antiquity of man, and the true theory of representative government." Clara *alias* Priscilla also said that she would like to know "whether he had a religion, and what it was"—a matter which the discussion on "the authority of the Scriptures and the antiquity of man" had probably left in some doubt.

Whether Clara *alias* Priscilla considered it necessary for him to have a religion, or necessary for him not to have a religion, we are unable to say. In either case, however, we are inclined to think that her biographer does not depict her character with strict accuracy.

But the issue is that no engagement results—beyond a tacit engagement to correspond with each other, and see how they mutually are off in the matter of attributes. Our readers remember probably the anecdote of the sea captain and his lady-love. "You love me, captain," says the lady, "because I possess certain feminine attributes." "Madam," replies the captain, "I love you—but dash your attributes!" But these young lovers were very different sort of people.

We hope we are not considering this little volume too much from a humorous point of view, for these letters which pass between Julius and Clara, make us almost think that their names really are, after all, Julius and Clara, and not Nehemiah and Priscilla—there is so much that is true and tender and well-said in them. One, perhaps *the* great question discussed in them, is the possibility of educated and refined people living in married life in a manner suitable to their spiritual and material needs on a small income.

Miss Preston rather shirks the issue, for she gives Clara a little fortune of seven thousand dollars with which to piece out her husband's slender salary. Of course Julius says that "he is above touching it—and that a woman's patrimony ought to be sacred." But if Clara were the sensible and honest woman we take her to be, she would see that if the law no longer gave the wife's fortune to the husband as in old times, it would be a very mean thing in her not to devote her money as he did his, to their common interests and support.

And besides, though the experiment of "esthetic" living began by Julius and Clara "in three rooms," is depicted by the author, at the end of two years, as being highly successful—nothing is said of the arrival of one of those little strangers, who, in spite of their angelic character, generally manage to alter the appearance of things in such households in the course of a very short period. What of those three "esthetic" rooms, and those delightful "esthetic teas," after two or three children had received the liberty of them? Did the grand lady, just lighted from her carriage, say "How charming!"—and the fastidious bachelor, "How comfortable!" then?

Supposing Clara was not able to keep a child's nurse—and, even if she were, supposing the children to have the run of those three little rooms—so simply, but prettily and artistically furnished—what then?

When it comes to the very tug of the argument our author is silent.

What her book says, therefore, simply amounts to this; that, given a young husband with the usual small income, and a young wife with the sum of seven thousand dollars, *and no children*, matrimony may be made very delightful, even for people who do not like drudgery, and do like beautiful things and the society of cultivated friends. It needed, however, no prophetess to come out of the East to tell us that.

But, as we have said, Julius and Clara are so *reasonable*, that perhaps the hidden lesson intended to be inculcated is—such is the love that should be imitated in the nineteenth century. To such lovers all things are possible!

Let us describe the second proposal. After all these delightful letters Clara comes to the city, and sends her card to Julius. Julius calls. Clara stands at "one end of a drawing-room, dim, and rich as Tennyson's Camelot." (?) After her greeting, he wants to know whether she has "found him out," and asks, "what's my mark?" Clara, naturally, is embarrassed, but "he returned to his coat-pocket," (overcoat, probably—color not given, which, in a lady, is a curious omission)—and "unfolded a copy of Tennyson's Princess." Julius, *probably* Nehemiah, did just this very thing. Then he turned to that famous passage, beginning—

"Not like to like, but like in difference,"

and said, "Read that over, unless you know it by heart." Which, being well brought up, of course she did. Curiously, for such a composed young lady, this closing scene of the "Princess" "had never lost the power of *making her cry*." And then "her trembling finger at last rested" on this—

"But I,
Said Ida tremulously, so unlike."

Of course this rather puzzled Julius—but looking at her, he saw it was all right, and flung his Tennyson, which we are told was an *edition de luxe*, (bound in "creamy calf!") into a chair, "that his arms might be disengaged."

"By and by," we are told, "they quietly seated themselves on *opposite* sides of the bay window, and relapsed into a truly congenial discussion *of ways and means!*"

Said we not rightly that, with such lovers, all things are possible? But alas, we are afraid that this is not a fair sample of Love in the nineteenth century—no, not even in Boston! Perhaps it would be better if it were. But then there probably would be very few marriages. As the unhappy husband of Anne Hathaway might have written:—

For who would bear the trials of married life,
The hours of toil to pay a host of bills,
The care and worriment that children bring,
Tramping of floors till morn, baby in arms,
A dull and fettered life, bound to the oar
Like galley slave—no going out of nights—
No high fandangoes, and the chances strong
Of being always poor, did Nature not
Infuse the soul with such a subtle strength
Of powerful passion, that all timorous thought
Is swept aside, and Julius cannot live—
Or thinks he cannot, which is all the same—
Unless sweet Clara promise to be his,
And let him pay her board.
Thus does great Jove
Control the destinies of little man,
And, though we like it well, or like it not,
Bid the great world roll on!

H. P.

## His Trunk.

A nervous individual once entered a baggage car, and commenced overhauling the baggage. The baggage master, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him rather gruffly with, "What's wanting, sir?" "I am looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man. "I will take care of your trunk, sir; that is my business," retorted the baggage master. "Oh, I am aware of that, sir, but I would always much rather keep my trunk under my eye." "Well, then, sir, you should have been born an elephant, and then you could have your trunk under your eye the whole time." The nervous man disappeared.

☞ "Rebecca Jones, you are singing through your nose again," exclaimed a Wisconsin music teacher, and Rebecca was so mortified that she ran out and jumped into the river, but was rescued.

☞ A man who came home from a Saratoga ball in a crowded coach, declared that he had no objection to rings on his fingers, but he had a decided objection to "heiles on his toes."

☞ A recent writer on household affairs says—"The great gloomy parlor, smelling of mould because the preserving sunlight is excluded, is as vulgar as it is uncomfortable."

☞ Conundrum from the Chicago Tribune: Why is it that lightning never strikes an organ-grinder, that they never fall into the river and get drowned, that they never starve to death, and are never bitten by mad dogs?

☞ A Russian countess living in Paris felt it necessary to try a change of air. The chief companion of her journeys was a little dog, which she carried in her muff, her sleeve, or her pocket. At Milan, Toto, the pet, died. His mistress invited all the small dogs in Milan to the funeral; 300 mourners appeared, and each was supplied with a pall covered with silver tears. After the ceremony the 300 were invited to partake of the funeral baked meats, but here good conduct and philosophy failed them, and the feast broke up abruptly; the riot act had to be enforced, but not until one of the guests had been torn to pieces between the soup and dessert.

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THE
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 23, 1873.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT!

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**RED KELLY;**

OR,

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AUTHOR OF "WESTAL THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

As we have stated before, Capt. Carnes knows well what he is writing about, having spent many years of his life among the wild scenes of the West.

## LETTERS FROM ZIG.

### A NOSE FOR NEWS.

I dare say I've said what I'm just about to say, at least fifty times. What if I have? I'm going to say it again, and this time I'm going to hammer it in. Every little while something happens to make the whole interesting theme come up before me anew, as fresh as an old maid's face after she has put "sweet sixteen" on it. My theme is a theme which will bear hammering in. I assure you it is a theme which will bear as many newspaper articles as the Shah of Persia. Oh, Shah! As long as there is a living woman on earth, and that woman has a tongue, this immortal theme of mine will be an eloquent topic for hard-pushed scribblers—and soft-pushed ones too.

My immortal theme is woman's curiosity and woman's clack. I sing woman's nose for news. It's a longer nose than man's nose. Men have other sins which are ten times bigger and blacker to counterbalance, but a nose for news is peculiarly woman's weakness. I suppose it is because most women have so few matters of large and wide interest to take up their minds. At any rate you won't make me own that it's the nature of women to have a long nose for small news. God never made 'em so, I'm sure.

At a house I wot of, a minister's house it was, an elderly spinster was visiting. Some elderly spinsters are the salt of the earth, and the pepper too. This one wasn't. It was her mission in life to pry into other people's business. One night, at the witching hour of midnight, there came a ring at the minister's door-bell. The minister's sister went to the door. A man wanted the minister. The man was in a hurry. The minister sprang out of bed, dressed himself, and went away with the man. The sound of the two men's feet had not yet died away on the front steps when Miss Spinster skipped out of her couch like a young roe on the mountains, and nabbed the minister's sister:

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Anybody sick?"

"I don't know."

"Who was that?"

"I don't know."

"Did they have far to go?"

"I don't know."

"What did the man say?"

"He said he wanted James."

"Didn't he say what he wanted?"

"No, he didn't."

"Don't you know what he wanted?"

"No, I don't; and I don't care."

"What sort of a looking man was he?"

"I didn't notice him particularly."

The spinster heaved a deep, sad sigh. It was a sigh of bitter disappointment.

"Well," said she, sorrowfully, "you haven't got the curiosity I have. I'd have to know all about these things?"

Now I want to know one thing. What particle of earthly good would it have done that nosey spinster to find out every particular of the minister's midnight call? Would it have made her any handsomer happier, richer, wiser or better? Would it have made her relations, who have to live with her, like her any better? No, it wouldn't. All that class of knowledge which she was so crazy after, is a kind of knowledge which doesn't do anybody any good when he knows it, and is none of his business besides. Small curiosity with regard to the personal affairs of other people is the most contemptible emotion of human nature. Even avarice looks dignified beside it. Before we ask people questions about their personal matters there are two questions we ought to ask ourselves. First. Will it do us any good after we do find it out? Second. Is it any of our business? And if a strict regard for truth compels us to answer no to both questions, then, brethren, let us keep our mouths shut. A burning curiosity in regard to small personal matters is belittling to the dignity of human nature.

I take off my cap in profound admiration of the French philosopher Rousseau, just for one thing I read about him. One evening he received a strange letter, of which he recognized neither the post-mark nor the writing on the back. An intense curiosity to find out the contents of the unknown letter suddenly seized him. With almost uncontrollable impatience he was just breaking the seal, when suddenly he laid the letter down. It occurred to him all at once that such a feverish attack of petty curiosity was totally unworthy a man and a philosopher. In grand disdain of himself for his contemptible weakness, he left the letter lying upon the table, and would not allow himself to open it till next morning. That was how he at once punished himself for his weakness, and disciplined his mind to be above the despicable little vice of small curiosity, for the future. That was a most heroic act, as it appears to me. But I wonder how many women, especially how many young ladies, would be capable of doing that? I'd like to see a young lady try it, some time when she gets a letter which she doesn't recognize from the envelope; and I'd like to have her report her success. I confess I don't think I ever saw a young lady who was capable of such an act of self-denial. But on the other hand I've often seen women who never had a moment's peace or rest till they knew all that was in not only their own letters but those of all their friends. I know one woman who insists upon finding out the contents of every letter which comes to every member of a large family. As sure as a letter comes into the house, this woman with a nose for news tackles the unoffending recipient thereof as follows: "Whom is it from? What does he say? How long is it? Read it out loud and let us hear it." I don't belong in that family. And I wouldn't have my little piece of mind so filled up with contemptible trash and nonsense for half this world. If women spent as much time and vital force in acquiring useful and ornamental knowledge as they spend in gaining information concerning people's trivial personal matters, it is astonishing how immensely wise and learned they would shortly become.

I want to know if you were ever compelled to listen to the talk of half a dozen ordinary women assembled together for an afternoon? I know I'm hard on 'em, and I mean to be, for they ought to be ashamed of themselves. I don't know an earthly bore equal to 'em. I tell you I've been wild enough to jump into the river, sometimes, to escape the clack of 'em. Like Mantilini's washing-machine, it was all one everlasting "deemed horrid gwind," an intolerable "gwind" of small personal hash, a hash of tattle. How I do dread to see a pack of women show themselves off!

And I want to know again if you ever observed a woman who lets herself run to gossip, in a company where folks don't talk gossip? She is as much out of place as a crow among nightingales. She can only sit among the rest mum, awkward, and embarrassed, for they are talking an unknown language to her. I have seen her sit so, many and many a time, and I have said in my heart—it serves you right. Why in mercy's name haven't you filled your head up with something better than clack? Why haven't you learned to talk something else than ill natured rubbish—always ill-natured, about what people wear and say and do? Why don't you let people go about their own private, particular business, at the same time that you mind your own private, particular business? Anybody who would be guilty of repeating such trivial personalities as you delight in retailing from one pair of ears to another, ought to be banished from human company.

What people talk about is a sure test of their bringing up. High bred, educated people talk of principles and things, low-bred, ignorant people can't talk about anything but the personal matters of other people. An itching curiosity to know all about the private affairs of other people is an infallible mark of ignorance and low-breeding. Mind that. ZIG.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—Pardon my long silence, I really meant to have written you a few lines every week, but these dreamy, listless summer days are enemies to work, and before you know it, the time has gone by. I suppose, if I were to try, I could preach quite a sermon from that text. It would be one on the sinfulness of idleness and the squandering of precious hours, and if I felt poetical and could think of nothing original to say, I could fall back on Dr. Watts, or whoever it was wrote "How doth the little busy bee," and if that was not sufficient, "Shoo fly" would be seasonable. But I know that with the thermometer up in the clouds you want to listen to no homilies.

Ministers understand that, and let you off without your customary Sabbath evening doze all through the heated term, and generally, too, your favorite pounder, or expounder I should have said, has a few weeks of summer rest—goes fishing, and climbs mountains, and dozes under hemlocks, and thinks up a lot of nice things to talk about upon his return; and that gives *you* a chance, even if you don't go in the country yourself, to declare that you will not listen to any old fogy who may occupy the place of the favorite, and be obliged to sit all through service in a state of prickly-heat and rebellion, drawing unfavorable comparisons. Besides, it is so nice to lounge in your blue satin boudoir Sunday morning and wear a comfortable, horrid old wrapper, and slippers all out at the toes, and have Tom (dear old fellow) put cologne on your hair, and brush it gently, and tell you you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago. It isn't necessary to believe it; but it sounds pleasant, even if you do know he wants a lot of buttons sewed on, and is going to ask you to give up that excursion to-morrow, as he has business that *must* be attended to.

Of course you know what that means. It tells you that Tom has heard of a "clam-bake," or a champagne dinner somewhere, and he thinks it will be infinitely more jolly than a stupid sail down the bay with nobody but his own wife, that he can see and talk to any time, and who hasn't had a new thing to tell him for the last ten years. But you are too comfortable to blame him; besides, you rather admire his taste, and wish away down in your toeless slippers that you were a man, and could do the same thing. You don't feel one bit like raising a disturbance, and insisting on being the best abused and most unhappy woman in the whole world.

Not at all. You are content to take the world just as it comes this hot Sunday morning, and you are agreeable to anything. Pity all wives couldn't feel the same way. It is dreadfully selfish to want to keep a husband right where you can see him all the time. It is woman-like to want him there, but it is not man-like to want to stay; and it does make an awful spoon of a fellow to confine him to the exclusive society of one person, be it wife or what not. I don't believe there is a married man in the world so blessed, unmortal-like good, as to be satisfied with that state of things either.

But to change the subject (and it is high time, I think I hear you say) What a lovely summer we are having—just hot enough for fruit, vegetables, and vegetation generally, and quite cool enough for comfort most of the time. Scarcely a day that the gentle zephyrs don't float idly into your room, with just *empressement* enough to keep you in an easy frame of mind, so long as you do not undertake any more violent exercise than the reading of "Farm Ballads," or the latest society novel.

And then the nights are so deliciously cool. Last year everybody grumbled, and perspired, and felt cross and rushed out of the city in a huff. But this season all wear complacent countenances, are good-natured, and if needs be they must leave the city, they do so with lingering, backward glances, and pleasant anticipations of a speedy return. The city is not uncomfortable this summer; still, one must not be blamed for leaving it, for the country is glorious. I have been there, and I speak advisedly—the only drawback being the smoky, dusty, cindery cars, by which you are transported. Let me see; a whole week since I took a railroad trip, and verily, I haven't got all of those horrible cinders out of my ears yet; as for my eyes, I looked, upon my arrival, as though I had cried them out; looked altogether as though I had been to the funeral of my dearest friend, and had put my face in mourning. But then the breezy, blissful quiet that followed; the watermelons and berries, the slaughtered chickens, and milk from the cow, (instead of the pump) the lazy rocking of the tiny boat as you—(no. I)—floated idly upon the placid bosom of the lake, and imagined yourself—(no, *myself*)—a sleeping swan. Oh! it was all very beautiful, I assure you; very delicious and enjoyable; and there is a charm, too, in driving about that old Connecticut country, although it has been served up in history and crammed into the heads of all children ever since the Flood. Not for reason of the historic spots did I enjoy those long midsummer drives, but in *spite* of them, as it were. I knew all about Putnam's famous leap, years upon years ago; long before I saw Connecticut or read Pemberton—though now that I think of it, I don't know that Pemberton says one word about it—and it was no great satisfaction to have a certain rocky road pointed out as the exact spot. I'm glad he made the jump, but I was a great deal more interested in those old houses with eaves nearly reaching the ground—all, every one of them, built upon a rock—(they couldn't help taking example by the wise man of the Scriptures, in that region)—or a side-hill, where you have to go upstairs to get down cellar, and down-stairs to get up in the garret; and when you think you are away on the top of the house, you suddenly open a door and find yourself among the ducks and goslings in the back-yard. It sounds incredible, but it is true, nevertheless.

But I'm back in the city to-day and am just recovering from a seven-miles ride in the street cars, (that's what ails me) and in that seven-miles ride I met two people who interested me vastly. (Pretty good for a summer day, I thought.) The one was an Indian woman, a cultured, interesting, lady-like personage, dressed in the fantastic garb of the lovely Indian maid, served up in border stories. I wish I could describe her dress; I hate to write a whole letter with never a hint on fashions; but I was so much more interested in her conversation than I was in her looks that I failed to take an account of stock. I only know she wore a skirt of purple broadcloth reaching to her ankles, and that it was bordered with gold—or oroide, or brass—and that over that she had an India muslin skirt edged with three or four kinds of cheap lace. The body of the dress was scarlet merino without sleeves and cut rather low in the back, and square in front; this was profusely trimmed with beads of all colors and kinds. Bracelets adorned her arms, and beads her neck. Her hair was bound with some sort of a tinsel fillet, and a white velvet hat, of not very modern shape, but with a wilderness of feathers round her shapely head. A white lace shawl, somewhat dilapidated, was thrown carelessly about her form.

It seems strange that even a descendant of old "Lo" should roam about New York in a dress of that kind, and not be hooted at, and followed by a crowd of *gamins*. But such is the case. Little or no notice is taken of her, and among some of the best families she is known and highly respected. She claims to have been rather a royal personage in her tribe, of which she is the last, and judging from her conversation one is easily led to place full confidence in her statements. She says she was converted to Christianity at the tender age of nine years, was confirmed at twelve, and for many years labored as a missionary among her people. She is reputed wealthy. Is said to own lands in Tennessee, and to be worth considerable property in this city, which yields her a fine income, but which she is too thoroughly Indian in her nature to sit down and enjoy; preferring rather to roam about the city as an Indian doctress, selling her medicines to whoever will buy, and *giving* them to whoever will not; and occasionally disappearing for months together. Where she goes nobody knows. Perhaps she pays a visit to the Lava Beds and whispers words of confidence and comfort in the ears of "Schonchin" or "Spotted Tail." Anyhow her sympathies are with the whole Modoc persuasion, and she confidently asserts that no harm can come to the murderers of General Canby; that to punish Captain Jack and his braves would be to stain the whole world. In that case, it is pretty generally believed that the world will have to be stained—that the "Scar-faces" and "Shack-nasties" have about as good as got free passes to the happy hunting grounds, where it is to be hoped they may find

"Some safer world, in depths of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

The other character whom I met and who interested me was a good, motherly, black-eyed woman over whose head about fifty winters had passed. She held in her arms a baby that might possibly have been twenty-four hours old, dressed in a soiled slip, from the shoulder of which hung a little wooden label, upon which was written in ink "Sarah Morrison." The degraded, uncared-for appearance of the infant was in such direct contrast to that of the bright, comfortable, energetic looking woman, that natural curiosity got the upper hands of me. My Yankee blood asserted itself, and I questioned.

There wasn't much to tell about the baby—it was simply a little waif, picked out of an ash-barrel by a patrolman and sent down to the office of "Charities and Corrections." No unusual occurrence. It hadn't any history, to speak of, and the kind-looking lady was only pursuing her legitimate business—taking it over to the almshouse on Randall's Island. There was nothing more to tell about the little foundling; but I learned, upon inquiry, that this woman had been employed over twenty-five years in this capacity—and she had in that time taken over fifteen thousand of these little unfortunates in her arms to the island. The foundling asylum, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, she said, had lightened her labors greatly, but *that* institution was now closed, it being impossible to admit another child in the crowded quarters they now occupied; and as a consequence, she had to go to the island upon an average three times a day with the children picked up about the streets, the very largest of which were never over two months old, and usually not more than that number of hours. She said a carriage was always sent to the ferry to convey her to the hospital, that she there deposited the baby in the receiving ward, and never knew anything farther about it. Her words brought back to my recollection a visit I once paid to that self-same institution. I might have been wrong, but I know I thought as I left it, that it would have been far more merciful if those little helpless babes had been left to perish in the streets, rather than doomed to drag out a few more miserable weeks and months of suffering and neglect. I remembered the nurses, bloated, degraded, bold, ignorant wretches, culled from the very dregs of society; each, with her own child, expected to nurse and care for one of these little motherless babes. The result was only a natural one, perhaps—the mother's child was strong and well, and kindly treated—the foundling interloper lay pale, shrivelled, starved, moaning and *dying* in its crib. Not in one instance was this the case, but everywhere, on all sides you could look at the two infants, and say at once which was the mother's child and which the foundling.

It is a bad place for people of large sympathies to visit—and I advise all such to remain away. They can't adopt all the poor little starved, dying, orphaned waifs—and even if they could, the prospect is not cheering. The thought "Who was its father, who was its mother?" will obtrude itself, and looking around upon the low, besotted nurses, of intelligence scarcely above the brutes, and instincts far below them, the fear that the half-inanimate little scrap of humanity before you may develop into something akin to them, forces itself upon your mind, and you turn sorrowfully away murmuring:

"Not any on my plate, if you please."

Now I know I have spun this letter out to an almost inexcusable length—and I know, too, that it is not over and above interesting, but there is no law, that I know of, compelling any one to read it, if they don't wish to. But I would like to add, that all I have said is strictly true, it being altogether too lazy weather to tax the imagination—and I hope if anybody writes to your correspondents' column about it, you will assure them I have stated but facts. I do invent *fashions* sometimes, when the season is slow, but my squaws and babies are genuine

OLIVE KING.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### "SWEET IGNORANCE."

There are many women in our midst who have their natural aptitude for ignorance or mental indolence fostered by the praises which men so often shower upon the "sweet ignorance," the "feminine simplicity," the "confiding trustfulness," which in their eyes is so desirable a quality in women.

Now men may do this unconsciously, or from a disgust toward the so-called champions of woman's rights. But if they will only reflect for a few moments, they will readily discern the fact that such compliments are decidedly disgraceful both to the recipient and the giver; for they tend to degrade women to the level of pretty animals—mere plaything—fit only to minister to man's delights and comforts, and to flatter his conceit of his own exceeding great superiority.

Again women are told that men of learning, skilled in sciences or in literary pursuits, rarely, if ever marry literary wives; but prefer the pretty simpletons who can barely read and write their own language correctly and keep accounts, and whose attainments hardly admit of their reading the daily newspaper, beyond the list of deaths and marriages, or the local items of the day. And because Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has said, "I know not why it is, but your very clever man never seems to care so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate. Your scholars, poets and ministers of state are more often found assorted with exceedingly humdrum, good sort of women, and apparently like them all the better for their deficiencies.

"Just see how happily Racine lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, and yet she had never read his plays.

"Certainly Goethe never troubled his wife, who called him 'Mr. Privy Councillor,' with whims about '*monads*,' or speculations upon '*color*,' nor those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the second part of '*Faust*.'

"Probably it may be that these great geniuses—knowing that as compared to themselves there is little difference between clever women and humdrum women—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts that could not but prove unsatisfactory at sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to establish that tie which, after all, best resists wear and tear ever—the tough household bond between one human heart and another." Therefore they deem it a charming thing to declare their indolence and their ignorance. But, fair friends, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is not an unbiassed judge in the matter, for he married a woman of genius, and proved himself anything but a kind and generous husband to her—so he cannot tell how he would have liked a simpleton. While Robert Browning, Lewes, Goethe's biographer; Robert Hall, James Parton, John Stuart Mill, and hundreds of men distinguished for learning in England, America, Germany and France, have sought their wives from the ranks of highly-educated women—those distinguished for literary and scholastic attainments—and have enjoyed pure domestic bliss and comfort, and have never been forced to blush at their wives' ignorance.

One sometimes wonders that so few of the women whom one meets in society possess so little conversation excepting upon the topics of dress, and other outside things. Yet when one considers how little instruction they have received, it is not a matter of wonderment.

Colleges for women are doing a good work in these days, but as yet their doors are not wide enough to admit the crowds which should seek admission; and their terms are far too expensive excepting for the petted darlings of fortune—whose papas' purses are long and wide. When Mr. Vassar gave of his large means to endow a college wherein women could have all the advantages hitherto possessed by their brothers alone, it was with the avowed purpose that the daughters of the middle-class should find entrance therein; but Dame Fashion has monopolized its apartments. Its terms are quite expensive—its students too richly dressed; and from eight hundred dollars to one thousand dollars per annum are required to admit a girl within its precincts.

Now few collegians spend such a sum while procuring an education; so Vassar College has failed to carry out the idea of its founder; and still the demand of the hour is a college for girls where a high standard of education can be obtained at a small price.

The desire for the acquisition of mental power needs to be cultivated; and women should endeavor to understand what is taking place around them; and to see the reasons for the serious contests in which men engage. They should shake off the fetters of their mental bondage—should rise above the idea that they are transcending the bounds of their province when they attain a superior education—when they have become the mistress of several languages and sciences.

Home is woman's province—but she can make it far happier—far more agreeable when she possesses the same amount, or even a far higher degree of knowledge, than her brother.

Therefore let us beg of women to repel the delusive flatteries of men, and show themselves deserving of esteem and homage, rather than of condescending favor and patronage. Let them strive to overcome the habits of mental indolence which have been fostered in them; and enlarge their minds by reading histories, biographies of great and good men and women, poetry, essays, and good novels; for—

"Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility or birth: honor of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

## THAT HAND IN MINE.

Sweet hand that hold in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without.
The soul's one anchorage in the storm and doubt,
I take thee as a sign

Of sweeter days in store
For life, and more than life, when life is done;
And the soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own Evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that fit such fond request;
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the rest
Some silent, heartward way.

Thrice bless'd the faithful hand
Which saves e'en while it stresses; hold me fast;
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,
So near the better land.

Sweet hand that, thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My heart a one anchor in life's storm and doubt,
Take this and make me thine.

## Biographical Sketches

### MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Marie Antoinette Josephine Jeanne de Lorraine, daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Germany, and the "kingly" Maria Theresa, was born at Vienna on the 2d of November, 1755—the day of the terrible earthquake at Lisbon. When the future queen was very young her father died, and an incident that preceded his death left a deep impression on her mind. The emperor was starting for Innspruck, when, with perhaps a vague presentiment of what was about to occur, he ordered a gentleman to bring the little archduchess to him. "I wish to embrace the child once more," he said. It was their last meeting on earth. Francis died on that journey.

The Empress Maria Theresa, though deeply absorbed in important affairs of state, did not neglect the education of her daughter; but unfortunately the instructors appointed to conduct Marie Antoinette's education, endeavored, with few exceptions, rather to gain the affection of their youthful charge by indulgence than to impart knowledge. Had all her teachers been as faithful to their trust as the famous Abbé Metastasio, her Italian master, was to his, she would have had no reason to be ashamed of her ignorance. Italian and French she spoke fluently, but, strange as it may appear, she knew but little German. After her marriage, she strove earnestly to remedy the deficiencies of her education.

The Duke de Choiseul, prime minister to Louis XV., conceived the idea of uniting the dauphin, grandson of the reigning king, to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. There was a numerous party opposed to an alliance with the house of Austria; but Choiseul carried the day, and in 1770, Marie Antoinette, then only fifteen years of age, was married to the dauphin in the chapel at Versailles. The Duchesses de Noailles and de Cossé were appointed ladies of honor to the youthful bride. Louis XV. made her magnificent presents—among others a necklace of large pearls which Anne of Austria had bequeathed to the queens of France. In the stormy time that followed later, she gave up this costly bauble for the use of the nation, deeming it her duty to do so, although while her other ornaments were taken, she would have been allowed to retain this had she desired it. But all Louis XV.'s gifts could not atone for the mortification she suffered on being forced to sit at table with that royal reprobate's mistress, Madame du Barry. She was not slow to express the just indignation that the king's disgraceful conduct aroused in her breast, which did not tend to increase her favor in the eyes of the all-powerful Du Barry. The young dauphin was anything but a loving husband at first. He was indifferent, and even rude. His coldness toward her drew many bitter tears from the girl-wife, who was a stranger in a strange land, and with but few friends.

Shortly after her arrival at Versailles, her singing master, La Garde, author of the opera of *Eglé*, was introduced to her. Distrusting her attainments in music, she made a distant appointment with him, and took private lessons for three months from a friend. "The dauphiness," she said, smiling, "must be careful of the reputation of the archduchess." When La Garde began his tuition, he was loud in his praises of her proficiency. Many anecdotes showing the womanly generosity of her nature, have come down to us. On the occasion of a great fire, she and her husband gave their whole year's income to the sufferers. At this fire a number of thieves had been burned while in the act of plundering. "They were well punished," remarked a lady. "Oh, no!" returned the dauphiness, "they died by the side of honest people."

History has told how Louis XV. died: how his courtiers, late so abject and cringing, flew from the plague-smitten monarch, and hastened, as Queen Elizabeth expressed it, to worship the rising sun. In 1774 Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette ascended the throne of France. Almost her first act was one of generosity. De Pontecoulant, a major of the body-guard, had offended her, and when she became queen he judged it necessary to tender his resignation. It was not accepted. "The queen does not remember the quarrels of the dauphiness, and I pray you, Monsieur Pontecoulant not to remember what I have forgotten," Marie Antoinette said.

The king had at last discovered the beauty of his wife's character, and learned to love her. In 1778, her first child, Maria Thérese Charlotte, was born, and a future of happiness seemed to stretch before the royal pair. In spite of the irreproachable conduct of the queen, she was the subject of constant censure and calumny. Her worst enemies were not among the people, who did not like her because they did not know her, but among the higher ranks of the nobility. Her husband was certainly a good man, though not a great king; but she possessed what he lacked. Had her education been different—had her intercourse with the French people not been one grand tissue of misrepresentation and misunderstanding, the end might have been different, and the horrors of the Revolution spared. That gigantic fraud—the affair of the diamond necklace—hastened the fall of the monarchy by exciting popular indignation against the queen. Want of space prevents the relation of this mysterious transaction, in which the court-jewellers, a *soi disant* countess, Cagliostro, Cardinal de Rohan, and the reputation of the queen, were involved.

Marie Antoinette owed all the beauty of her face to its expression. Her features, examined separately, were not regularly beautiful. Her complexion was brilliant, her hair light, her nose aquiline, and her mouth small—the defect in the last being the slight projection of the under lip. Her eyes were blue, and the grace and dignity of her smallest movements remarkable. She conversed well; she hated flattery and scandal, and was extremely charitable. She has been accused of extravagance, but the testimony of those nearest her person has proved the falsity of any such assertion. Americans would be ungrateful to forget the part that the king and queen played during their revolution—a revolution offering so complete a contrast to that which soon followed in France.

Centuries of misrule had produced their effect. The signs of an approaching convulsion became apparent. At the opening of the States General, in 1789, a few voices cried "Vive le Reine," but they were drowned amid menaces. Many of the nobility had taken the hint, and emigrated. To her brother, Joseph II., of Austria, who desired her to follow their example, she made a noble reply. "A good and fond mother," she wrote, "has no country but the one in which the fate of her children is necessarily fixed."

In 1790 the royal family was compelled to leave Versailles, escorted by a disorderly rabble. The journey lasted seven hours—seven hours of horror to the unfortunate queen. She sat calm and courageous, holding her little son on her knee, while the infuriated crowd shouted insulting songs, and the heads of two of the faithful soldiers who had died in her service were carried before her, thrust on pikes. The royal family was conveyed to the Tuileries and closely guarded. The queen during her imprisonment spent her time in educating her children, Charles Louis, for a short and miserable period Louis XVII., and Maria Thérese, afterward Duchess d'Angoulême. Convinced that there was no hope of preserving the regal power, Louis XVI. and his family attempted to fly from France; but they were stopped at Varennes. While they were immured in the Temple, Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, was often obliged to make the beds of the family, perform the domestic duties, and mend the king's only coat. The queen sometimes walked in the closely-walled garden. To prevent her from enjoying even this pleasure, she was one day presented by the guards with the head of her friend, Madame de Lamballe, whose only fault had been fidelity to her queen.

On January 21st, 1793, the king was guillotined. His last words were: "I pardon my enemies, and I pray that God may pardon them." On October 16 the queen was sentenced. She met death unfalteringly, at the age of thirty-eight. The execution of the beautiful and amiable Princess Elizabeth followed soon after that of Marie Antoinette.

## WAITING.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Thrice lovely land! the boats that ply swiftly to and fro upon the dark river that binds thy enchanted shores, are ever heavily laden, crowded with eager souls who seek within an unknown realm, the realization of hopes that failed them here! How fast the boats are gliding, freighted sometimes with a household's joy; sometimes, when skies are fairest, and winds are softly blowing, when clouds float highest, and the sunshine spins its web of buzy gold to wrap the hearth, in the dim distance sounds the measured stroke of oars amid the waves' dull plashing, the boat's keel grates upon the shore, and in sudden storm and darkness the sunlight dies upon the hearthstone. No dreary tarrying here; no hopeless watching for a dawn long, long in breaking: but a swift, happy transport from the freshest and fairest that earth can give, to the unchanging loveliness of the pictured world beyond!

Happy spirits journeying thus early and safely across the mystic stream, ye may have missed some of earth's later joys and fleeting pleasures; but its haunting cares, its wretched, wearing woes you shall never know!

But we who have waited so long, so long—who look, with eyes that see not, through fast-falling tears, for the coming of the boats that carry their thousands day by day, how can we longer tarry? We who no longer find a glory in moonrise or sunset, within whose grasp love's first and latest roses have withered all away; whose hearts are heavy when the night falls darkly, and throb no glad response when the morning's bright promise is fulfilled—how long shall it be ere our eternal morning dawns?

Oh, faith, sweet flower of Heaven, drop, from thy starry home, balm for these weary, waiting hearts! Oh, shadowy craft, so swiftly gliding, touch but a moment at this port, and bear us to that longed-for country, to "the world that sets this right!"

*From the "Highlander," Harrison, Arkansas* —"The good old *Saturday Evening Post* makes its regular visit to us, and like a true friend its appearance is always hailed with pleasure. There is not a better or cheaper family paper published in the land, and no home can be considered complete without it."

### UNKNOWN.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

Lightly
Bend above the sleeper,
Lightly
Pray ye oft God keep her.
Young and fair, with golden hair,
Is there none to weep her?

Whither
Was her home name spoken?
Thither
We may send no token,
High or low, none may know
When all ties were broken.

Softly
Bend ye still above her,
Softly
Bid the angels hover,
Sure there are no fear or fate
Tender hearts that love her.

Ever
Silence wraps her going,
Never
Light upon it flowing,
Still commended her God befriend her.
He is not unknowing.

# THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

# Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE RESULT OF THE TRIAL.

As the day fixed for the trial approached, the impatience of Robert Merivale increased. His enforced confinement weighed the more heavily on his mind as he felt that time was fatally passing, and that evidence of the most vital character yet remained undiscovered. He severely blamed the police force for inability or lack of honesty, not knowing how strenuously the detectives were working in his favor. He was unable to fee them to any extent for their services, and entertained the idea that without a monetary inducement there was little hope of commanding their faithful services. He did not recognise the fact that the desire for reputation might prove an equally efficient incitement; or that they might be moved by the simple desire to fulfil the duties of their position.

He was not without some reason for his distrust. He had known cases which justified all his doubts. He was, no doubt, wrong in judging of a whole system from individual instances; but the monotony of confinement, his fears of an unfavorable termination, and a magnified sense of what he himself might do had he the opportunity, combined to place him in a frame of mind ill fitted for the action of judgment.

He was then in a mood that rendered the task of Dusky Sol an easy one. The latter duly visited him, as arranged with his employer, and broached to him the plan that had been concocted. The prisoner was naturally curious to learn who this man was, whose attire and demeanor seemed so inconsistent with each other, and who came to him with so strange a proposition.

He was still more anxious to learn the name and purpose of his employer, on hearing from him that he had been engaged by a third party, a person full of friendly interest in the prisoner, to perform this service.

But his strange visitor was impervious to hints or questions. He would give no names and knew no objects. There was the plan. The men were ready. He had only to say yes, to be ready to help himself at the right moment, and he was a free man again. It would be his own business to see that he kept out of the clutches of the law.

The whole scheme was so unexpected, so utterly at variance with any precedent or any object that he could imagine, the personality of this mysterious friend so beyond his powers of conjecture, that cool judgment would have counselled him to take no second thought on the whole preposterous business.

But he was out of reach of cool judgment. He had no longed for freedom, so dreaded the trial under existing circumstances, felt such confidence in his ability to conceal himself from the police, and was so sure in his own mind of discovering the tramp, and of learning the mystery of the lost jewel, that it was with a secret impulse of gladness he heard the proposition, and accepted it with a readiness that surprised himself more than it did his visitor, who had expected, from the partial statements of his employer, to have no difficulty in his task.

"You have got to go through the first day, that's on the books," said Sol, speaking slowly as if with a desire to avoid his usual mode of speech. "But when the minute comes, you hang behind the police. Then it's only a jump and a run, and you'll be out of sight afore they get the wool out of their eyes. If you hain't got the heart to do it, don't try it."

"I will do it," Merivale resolutely replied.

He looked closely at his visitor as he spoke, in involuntary distrust of the whole strange affair. But the latter returned his gaze with so frank and open an expression, and with such an honest look impressed upon his homely face, that the distrust of the prisoner ceased, and he, from that moment, felt full confidence in the reality of the plan proposed.

Had he but contemplated that this honest, rough-faced, well dressed planner of illegal acts was the very person whom he was so anxious to discover, the result might have been exceedingly different. Yet here he was, full of overweening confidence in his power of finding in some secret manner the person who had been openly conversing with him for the last hour. Certainly the discovery, if made at all, would not be made by intuition.

And should he really find him, by what process was he to obtain a confession, or gain proof that this man had really robbed him, and how was he to trace the lost jewel to its final destination? These were considerations which he had taken but little into account, trusting to chance and his own shrewdness to aid him, and not imagining the strong probability that the latter might prove much the most difficult task of the two.

His visitor left him, strongly assuring him that his own part of the scheme would be fully carried out, and that the remainder depended on himself alone. If he had the nerve to do it he would be a free man; if not, he had better drop the whole business and stand his trial.

The day fixed for this latter event duly arrived, and Robert Merivale was arraigned before the court, charged with the murder of James Ogden, for which he was to stand trial before justice and the commonwealth.

We will not enter into this trial in detail. It was brought to a sudden determination by an event that stirred the community to its centre, and excited everywhere varied feelings of surprise, anger, admiration and other emotions.

But we will not anticipate. The first day was consumed in obtaining a jury. As usual the great majority of people had formed opinions that might affect their minds, or were opposed to capital punishment, and it proved a difficult matter to obtain twelve good and true men with minds so empty of opinion, or of knowledge of that which had interested the whole population, as to be fit to sit on a jury. The twelve empty headed men desired were finally obtained, by dint of accepting a few who had opinions but were willing to be ruled solely by the evidence. By the time this usually formidable task was accomplished the day was spent, and the prisoner remanded to his cell to await the trial on the next day.

The court was crowded with curious spectators from the hour of its opening on this day, a delegation from that vast body of lookers-on who occur in other cities than Venice, and apparently have nothing under the sun to do but to attend to other people's business. But this they do with a persistence and a singleness of devotion worthy of a better occupation.

The trial opened with the address of the associate of the District Attorney, a well-conned, able argument, bearing strongly against the accused, and presenting the prominent facts of the case in so vigorous a light, and rendered with such impassioned fervor of delivery, as to have a strong influence upon his hearers.

The faces of the jury showed that the minds of some of them had been already biassed, and many of the spectators cast angry glances at the dock, where the prisoner sat, himself not unmoved by the skilfully-managed oration.

The character of the deceased and his standing in the community were ably drawn, and much stress laid upon his benevolence to his ward, whose real relations to her guardian were described.

Her presuming to love a man to whom this guardian objected was severely handled by the speaker, and the improbability shown of this objection having been made without sufficient grounds on Mr. Ogden's part. This was presented to the jury as strong evidence of some serious lack in the character of the prisoner, known to Mr. Ogden, and forming the basis of his objection.

The facts of the accused having been at Glendale at an early hour on the evening of the murder, of his having had a violent quarrel with the deceased, in which a servant had overheard words about killing, and of this same servant having seen him lurking in the grounds at a much later hour, were strongly presented, and offered to be proved by the most positive evidence.

In short, he laid before them the whole case in the ablest language at his command, dwelling on the finding of the jewel as one of those proofs which Heaven itself prepares, with the purpose of confounding the guilty, and of rendering valueless the deep-laid schemes of the law-breaker.

He closed with a strong appeal to the jury to heed the evidence presented, and use their utmost endeavors to arrive at a just verdict; at the same time plainly indicating that, in his opinion, conviction would be the only just verdict.

This address had a powerful influence on the prisoner's mind. Every point in his favor had been so skilfully avoided, the appearances against him so vigorously presented, that it seemed to him as if all was against him, and that there was no hope for him in a trial.

This impression deepened as the witnesses were examined. The first one called was Marie Dubois. He started up with a half-uttered exclamation on hearing her name. She came slowly forward to the witness stand, deeply veiled, and needing the hand of the counsel for support.

On throwing back her veil she revealed a face of a deathly pallor, which she kept persistently turned from the prisoner and toward the judge. It was evident that she was affected by the deepest emotions, and that the ordeal to which she was now subjected was too much for her strength.

Her first words in answer to the questions asked were scarcely audible, but as the examination went on she grew more composed, answering plainly and briefly the numerous interrogations of the prosecuting attorney.

She was made to describe principally her interview with the accused, and the words which had passed between him and her guardian. This she did as clearly as possible, though with apparent reluctance. The relations between herself and Mr. Ogden were also briefly elicited.

The cross-examination was devoted to learning the reasons of Mr. Ogden's enmity to the accused. These questions she answered with more animation, plainly declaring that Mr. Merivale's poverty was the only cause of the dislike of her guardian. She made no secret of her affection for him—though this was revealed rather in her manner than in her words—and spoke strongly of her knowledge of his unsullied and honorable character. She had known him long and intimately, and had never heard or seen the slightest evidence of any lack of the loftiest spirit of honor and probity on his part.

Louis was the next witness called. His evidence bore strongly against the accused. He related having overheard loud and violent language, and on drawing near found the prisoner and Mr. Ogden engaged in fierce altercation.

He went on to describe Mr. Ogden's words to himself, and the subsequent events, of which the reader is already aware. He spoke of his unsuccessful pursuit and the lack of any indication of a boat upon the river. On cross examination he admitted having seen the marks in the bank, but did not consider them well-defined, and was in doubt as to how they had been made. He acknowledged that the tide was rising and the wind up stream, while his pursuit had been made down stream, taking it for granted that the fugitive, if there was one, would seek the city.

Mrs. Montague was the next witness. Her evidence was the most adverse to the prisoner yet given. The story of the finding of the handerchief of the accused, and the subsequent discovery of his breast-pin clasped firmly in the dead man's hand, made a decided sensation in the court, and excited the attention of the jury to a degree which they had not yet manifested.

The jewel was produced in court, and handed to the jury for inspection, its peculiar and unmistakable character being commented upon. The witness testified positively to having seen it worn by Mr. Merivale. She had marked it particularly from the odd character of the setting and the brilliancy of the diamond, and was sure of its identity.

Cross-examination failed to shake her testimony in any important degree. She knew the jewel produced in court to be the one she had taken from the murdered man, and positively declared that there could be no question as to its identity.

She acknowledged that the cry of Mr. Ogden had thrown the household into a temporary panic, but affirmed that they had made their way to the room within three or four minutes of this alarm.

Louis, recalled, testified to the same effect. The jewel presented was the same as had been taken from the hand of the deceased, and the same as he had seen Mr. Merivale wear. Had not noticed his wearing it that evening. Was not quick at observing such things, and it might have escaped his attention.

Miss Dubois, recalled, did not think he had worn it. He did not often wear it. She admired its beauty, and could scarcely have failed to notice it. She acknowledged the identity of his jewel with the one presented.

Will Graham was called and made the same acknowledgment. Being cross-examined, he declared that the prisoner had very rarely worn the jewel. He had known him for a considerable period, and had only once seen it. This occasion was about a week before the murder. Being further questioned, he mentioned what his friend had told him in regard to its being a family jewel, and ominous of ill-fortune to any owner who should in any way part with it.

This strange relation excited the interest of the hearers to the highest degree. The apparent realization of the strange character imputed to the jewel, in the fact of the prisoner's being placed under strong suspicion of murder by its loss, appeared so extraordinary, and such immediate confirmation of what would otherwise have seemed mere superstition, that judge, jury and spectators alike manifested an unwonted interest in this new phase of the testimony.

On the prisoner himself it had an equally powerful effect. This family legend had in reality, though he had scarcely admitted it to himself, been one main cause of his depression, and of his doubt of the result. As it was now presented, in his own words, but from the lips of his friend, it affected him yet more strongly. The interest of the court seemed reflected upon his mind, and produced there but doubt and fear.

He had a faith in the reality of this omen stronger than he himself knew. Reason had often told him that the whole matter was absurd, and the stories he had heard merely coincidences. But reason is not always active; and superstition, once implanted in the human mind, is not easily eradicated. At this moment he gave up all hope of an acquittal. Destiny appeared to have condemned him as a victim to her absolute decrees, and but one avenue of escape remained open, so far as his mind could perceive. The scheme of his prison visitor rose in alluring prominence before his vision.

He had been possessed with a natural shrinking from the desperate attempt, but from this moment he was steeled to the effort, should his confederate prove faithful.

We will not give in detail the remainder of the evidence, as the reader is already aware of its character. It consisted of the testimony of several of the servants as to the state of affairs on the evening of the murder, the hearing of the cry, and the several other particulars. The doctor was called to testify to the appearance and probable cause of the wound. He considered it to have been made by a long-bladed, very sharp knife, which had pierced the heart and caused almost instant death. Others testified to having made a thorough search for this knife, but without result.

The detective officer, Thomas Wayland, was the next witness. He described minutely the appearance of things in the room, and gave his theory of the mode in which the murder had been committed, and of its probable object. The only article missing in the room was the will. This could scarcely have been searched for and extracted from its private receptacle in haste, without leaving some marks of disturbance from the search. Besides, no criminal would have remained in the room for such a purpose after the alarming cry that had been given. The document must have been in the old man's hand, and been snatched from him in the fatal struggle.

He described the struggle as evidently a brief one. Very few traces of disturbance were found, and the deadly blow had probably been given with scarce a moment's warning.

The possession of the fragment of this will by the prisoner had already been mentioned by the former witnesses, and also the utter disappearance of the remaining portions. The fragment was produced in court, and passed to the jury for inspection. All theories in relation to it, or its bearing upon the present case as the cause of the crime, were left for the addresses of the counsel.

Nor in the sharp cross-examination to which the officer was subjected was any question asked in relation to the discoveries at the river bank, or as to the result of his investigation of the prisoner's room. The prosecution had avoided these subjects, and as Mr. Wayland would be called as a witness for the defence, his testimony on these points was left for the direct examination of the prisoner's counsel. Another most important point, that of the threads found in the breastpin, was also but barely mentioned, the defence preferring to leave it as a strong link in their prepared chain of evidence.

This apparent reticence and lack of resources on the part of the prisoner's counsel made the case look very dark against him. The few doubts yet elicited appeared to weigh but feebly against the mass of directly criminating evidence. He did not himself perceive the plan of operations of his counsel, and shared the opinion of many in the court that his conviction was a sure result.

The associate of Mr. Wayland, Hiram Long, was not called at all. His observations had been made with such secrecy that the prosecution knew nothing of them, and he was held back by the defence as a strong card in their favor.

Had any favorable light been thrown upon his case the prisoner might have given up his plan of escape. But with the increasing gloom of his position there seemed no hope in awaiting the result of the trial.

The last witness called was Henry Ogden. His appearance on the stand excited general attention. He had been mentioned in the will as the heir, under certain contingencies, and it was well known that he already had provisionally entered upon possession of the estate. His evidence was simply in relation to the appearance of the room and of the corpse on the morning after the murder, he being among the first to enter. His testimony added nothing to that already known.

He was noticed as being slightly pale and nervous. His eyes were directed closely to the jury, and never wandered in the direction of the prisoner.

His nervousness was increased by the question of the cross examination in regard to the source of his information of the murder, which had brought him to Glendale at so early an hour in the morning, before the fact was known outside police circles.

His nervousness continued but a moment, however. He quickly threw it off, and answered boldly and positively as he had answered when questioned on that morning. It was a sense of uneasiness, he declared, that had moved him. No knowledge, but a sort of foreboding of something wrong. Though questioned rather closely and sharply upon the nature of this foreboding, and as to his susceptibility to such impressions, he was in no degree confused by the sharp legal small shot brought to bear upon him, and was allowed to retire without having weakened his essentially doubtful statement.

The day had been consumed in the examination of these witnesses, which had been carried to great length in several cases, and in the prolix arguments of counsel on points of law and inadmissible evidence. When the case for the prosecution closed it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, and the defence was laid over till the next day, the prisoner being remanded to his cell.

A considerable throng had collected round the door of the court-house anxious to witness his exit, and entrance into the prison-van that stood awaiting in the street. This throng was augmented by numbers of the spectators, who had left the court immediately on its dismissal, and now formed two lines leading across the pavement, through which the prisoner must pass on his way to the van.

A murmur from the throng arose, as he appeared at the head of the steps at the outer door of the court building, walking between two policemen, with an erect attitude, but pale face, and quick, nervous glances about him.

All pressed eagerly forward, anxious to catch a close glimpse of the man who stood charged with a murder which had excited such wide-spread interest. The feeling of anxiety to see him was increased by the rumor that had already passed from the court through the throng that the trial was going decidedly against him, and that he was undoubtedly the real murderer, and sure to be convicted.

As he passed slowly down the steps, and reached the pavement, his observant eyes caught the face of Dusky Sol in the line through which he was passing. The tramp was disguised by a heavy black beard, but he recognized him at a glance.

At the same instant, a secret signal was given by the hand of this confederate. He stood in the portion of the line toward Chestnut street, and on looking into the faces of his companions the prisoner detected there a peculiar expression that satisfied his mind of the fidelity of his professed friend.

What followed was the work of a second. Dropping a step behind the policemen, who walked with heads erect, on either side of him, a quick, sidewise movement placed him in this line of spectators, which opened, as if involuntarily, presenting a clear passage.

Instant advantage of this opportunity was taken by the prisoner. A quick bound placed him beyond the line of lookers-on, and the next moment he was running at full speed up the street. A sort of confused swaying of the crowd closed the line again, and ere the policemen could make their way through the close mass, which seemed actuated but by blind excitement and confusion in persistently blocking the passage, he had disappeared round the Chestnut street corner of the building. His guards, after breaking through the swaying line of people, ran with the utmost haste to the corner, and cast their excited glances down the street, in vain. The fugitive was nowhere in sight. Only the ordinary throng of the street was visible, now standing and gazing as if attracted by some unusual incident.

## CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

Inquiry immediately developed the facts. The fugitive had run with great rapidity across the street, and entered the open door of a liquor saloon opposite the State House. Thither the pursuers followed with all haste, their numbers augmented by curious persons who joined eagerly in the chase.

The parties in the saloon looked in surprise upon the heated throng that crowded in such hot haste into their establishment. A man had just run in, they said, had passed rapidly through, and gone out at the rear door, from which access might be had to a small street back.

Without further question the excited chase continued. The street mentioned was quickly explored, but there were no signs of the fugitive. A person present said that a man had run in there a minute before, and entered a cab which seemed to be in waiting. The latter had been driven rapidly off, and had turned the corner just before their appearance.

The daring and well-planned effort had then been, so far, successful. A prisoner had escaped from the very hands of justice and set the whole police force of the city at defiance. The excitement was intense. Every street leading from the scene was filled with eager pursuers. A cab was seen driving furiously up Fifth street. But it immediately turned down Arch and was lost to sight. The pursuit followed with fierce persistence to the latter street.

One of the policemen leaped into a cab that stood by the side of the street, and ordered rapid pursuit. The driver caught the object and whipped up his horses into their best speed. On reaching Arch street, the chase had disappeared, but on driving down to Fourth it was observed on the latter street, near Vine. It again turned the corner and was lost to view.

The cabman now drove with all the speed of which his horses were capable. The flying cab was again seen up Third street, about two squares in advance, driving rapidly yet, but more leisurely than before. The pursuit now became exciting. The people on the street looked with wonder at the sight of a vehicle driving at such a dangerous speed, while a policeman leaned half out of the open door, his eyes fixed eagerly ahead.

The cab they were pursuing went forward as if utterly unaware of this determined chase, driving at a rapid but not an unusual pace. In consequence the distance between them quickly diminished. They were indeed close together before the cabman in advance appeared to realize or pay attention to his pursuer.

Then he seemed attracted by the shouts of the policeman, and looked back. In a minute more they were close together, and at the fierce command of the officer the fugitive vehicle drew up, the cabman looking down in apparent wonder and alarm.

With a quick spring the policeman leaped to the ground. The next instant he had flung open the door of the opposite cab.

"Pretty well done, my man. But you will come with me," he grimly said.

"What do you mean?" cried an angry voice from within, and the head of a small, red-faced, sandy-whiskered man, utterly different from the fugitive, was protruded. "How dare you stop me, fellow? I am going to the Kensington depot, and have hardly time to catch the train, and I consider this action an outrage, which should be punished if I had the time. Drive on, cabman!"

With a groan and a look of utter amazement the policeman fell back. The unlooked for metamorphosis he had observed confused him to such a degree that he had not a word of reply to the sharp remark of the passenger.

A glance convinced him that the cab contained but one occupant, and he rather angrily slammed the door which he had hitherto held open in his hand.

"What's up?" asked the cabman, brandishing his whip for service.

"Prisoner escaped from the court. He jumped in a cab and drove off."

"And you thought this was the concern, hey? Your man just drew down Vine as if something was loose. You'll find him in Second maybe."

The door of the cab was again hastily opened, and the head of the red-faced passenger appeared.

"Do you want me to lose the train while you keep up a street talk with this man?" he angrily exclaimed. "I have been insulted enough already, and if you make me miss the train you shall pay for it."

His oration was cut short by the sudden start of his horses, which obeyed a vicious touch of the driver's whip. The choleric passenger drew his head in just in time to escape being flung against the opposite side of the doorway. The rapid motion left him only the chance to fume in silence, and prepare for an explosion on reaching their destination.

All this had occupied but a few minutes. The disappointed officer again entered his vehicle and directed the driver to proceed to Second street. Inquiry on the latter street developed the fact that a fiercely driven carriage had passed up the street a few minutes before. It might be eight or ten squares ahead from the time that had elapsed.

Further pursuit proved utterly ineffectual. The cab was traced, by frequent inquiry, for some distance further, but finally disappeared, in the neighborhood of Coates street, and no one could be found who had noticed it further.

It had probably entered some of the little-frequented streets in this locality, and perhaps deposited its passenger at some hiding-place, the cabman returning to his stand.

Meanwhile the pursuit on foot had flagged. It became known that the prisoner had escaped in a carriage, and the enthusiasm of the excited crowd soon died out. People gathered in a dense mass about the court, and on the State House pavement, anxiously awaiting further results.

The city telegraph was put in immediate requisition, the police of each station instructed of the escape of the prisoner, and that every effort must be made to capture him. A description of his dress and personal appearance was also obtained and telegraphed, and special instructions given to place officers on guard at the different railroad stations, as he would probably make an effort to leave the city, either by rail or in some other manner.

The whole police force was on the alert, stopping every man who appeared to answer the description, and giving several innocent individuals a mint of trouble. But all in vain, the great city had swallowed up its fugitive, and utterly hid him from discovery.

Several days thus passed in ineffectual search. The mayor issued a proclamation, offering a reward for his arrest, which at once put the starry fraternity on the alert. The sensational newspaper accounts, too, redoubled the excitement, and the citizens generally felt the strongest interest in the unprecedented business.

Day after day the papers gave new versions of the affair. He had certainly not left the city by rail, he must be somewhere in hiding within its limits. Then came details of suspicious characters being arrested at various points in the country. The reward had stimulated the ardor of the country constabulary, and they were everywhere in eager lookout for the fugitive. Most of the persons arrested easily proved their identity and were released. In two or three cases officers were sent up from the city to examine the suspected person, and found in each case that he bore no resemblance to the fugitive.

These arrests through the country served to lower the ardor of search in the city, it being claimed so confidently, in several cases, that the real criminal had undoubtedly been captured, as to carry belief with it for the time.

All this aided his chances of escape, if he was really in hiding within the city.

The reward also stimulated another class of men to their keenest efforts for his arrest. The detectives, in a body, were on the *qui vive*. The dangerous classes of the city were pretty thoroughly known to this body of officers. At the same time there was no doubt entertained that the line of men through which he had passed, and which had obstructed pursuit, was composed of confederates. In the confusion of the moment they had all mingled with the general crowd and escaped recognition.

But such a body of men, willing to undertake a task of this nature, must belong to the law-breaking classes, and must have been well paid by some employer for their services. It became then a point to discover some of these men, learn what they knew about the escaped prisoner, and if possible, discover the name of their employer.

The fugitive was known to be himself without means, and quite unable to employ so many men in so risky a business. Some wealthy friend or confederate must then have been working for him, and it was quite important to discover who this person was.

The counsel for the defendant was utterly vexed and confounded by this sudden ending of the case. He had so carefully arranged his address, had so skilfully marshalled his evidence, keeping back several strong points from the knowledge of the prosecution, and felt so confident of procuring an acquittal, that he was incensed at the stupidity of the prisoner in thus summarily ending the proceedings.

The lawyer did not take into account the dead weight of the evidence against the accused, so far as the trial had gone. He was so full of his own objects as not to consider thoroughly how the case might appear to others.

He had not even divulged what he considered the full force of his case to his client, preferring to develop it before the court.

His vexation then was extreme, for more reasons than one. He had no doubt but that the fugitive would soon be recaptured, and again put on his trial. In this case the fact of his flight would be a serious circumstance against him, and produce an involuntary prejudice in all minds probably too strong for him to combat. The accused ran great risk of being condemned through his very desperate effort to save himself.

So he remarked to Hiram Long, who had been the witness on whom he chiefly depended, and who frequently visited him to talk over the state of his investigations.

He had not discovered anything essential, further than we have already described, although he had used every effort to clear up the several doubtful points of the evidence. The disappearance of the boat, in particular, puzzled him. All the private boat-houses up and down the river were investigated, but no trace of such a boat could be found. The city boatmen had already expressed their ignorance of any such craft, except in the case of the two or three individuals who professed to have seen it, but not to have noticed the occupant.

It seemed strange to the detective how anything so strongly marked, could be so little known. Most of these up-river inquiries had been made through the medium of secondary persons, and it might be possible that he himself would succeed where they had failed. But this was simply a chance, and the whole affair looked decidedly mysterious.

"What I don't like," said the officer, "is this rascally foolish business of running away. It was a bold stroke—but what under the sun he expects to gain from it I can't see. I think with you, Mr. Blackstone, that he would certainly have been cleared. But he has hurt his chances badly."

"Exactly," replied the lawyer. "I had the case laid out most beautifully, and was prepared to astonish the prosecution and open the eyes of the jury. He has spoilt the best bit of work that has been seen in our courts for half a lifetime; and it does go against the grain with me, I acknowledge."

"The man doesn't lack cunning. I can see my way clear to how he has managed the business. There has been money spent freely—and that he hasn't got."

"How, then, do you explain it? He certainly managed to keep his intentions a deep secret."

"There is some moneyed individual at the bottom of it. Some one who, through friendship or a deeper object, has arranged and paid for the escape."

"And this party?"

"Is the first one to be found. I don't like the matter, sir. I believe in the man's innocence, and will be sorry to have to bring him again before the court under the disadvantages he has prepared for himself."

"It may be no easy affair to do so."

"That part does not trouble me a particle. He is bound to fall into my hands when the time comes."

"And when will that be?"

"After I have found the evidence I want. If I were to bring him up now, I fear it would be a hanging case, as we can only throw doubt on the heavy evidence for the prosecution. I will let him run then till I have some new points ready."

"But is there not danger of some other officer arresting him?"

"Not a particle. He is too sharp for them. If he were a mere gosling they would have had him in quod before this."

"It looks to me as if he could not long escape their vigilance."

"They will not find him—take my word for that. He is my game."

"Do you think the fates are reserving him for you?"

"I know that they are not going the right way to work. When I want him he will be the last man that I will look for."

"Indeed! Is he then to fall into your mouth, like the celebrated roast pig!"

"The man who got him off has him in hiding. The men who helped, know nothing of this moneyed person, but they know his agent. These men have got their money. They have no further interest in the matter. There is thus, at least, a dozen men with only the wit to get in a policeman's way, on one side, and two or three men with wit enough to keep out of the way of the police, on the other. Where is the trail most likely to lie open?"

"With your dozen men, I suppose."

"Just so. I will go for the dozen—I expect to find them as open as sieves let me once get into their confidence. Put me on one end of the trail, and I think you can trust me to find the other."

"I see your point, Mr. Long. There is method in it. When will you put it in practice?"

"When the time comes. It would be waste work now. I wold find everybody as keen as razors. They are wound up, as yet, to high-pressure pitch. They must have time to relax and gain confidence in their safety. That will not be while the police are making themselves so busy. When the cat of search lies down to sleep, then this rat of a secret, that is so close in its hole now, will begin to poke its head out. That will be my time to work."

"He may make his way from the city."

"Not if he or his confederate are as sharp as I think them. It would be the most foolish movement he could make. He is safe in hiding, and there he will stay till the wind blows over."

"I should not wonder if you were right," said the lawyer, thoughtfully. "I hope you will use every effort to put a better case into my hands before you give back this fugitive into the clutches of the law."

"I will, if it is in the wood. I am on the lookout for that fiddler. He is one of the strongest links in the chain. But he is an old bird, and is not to be caught with chaff. I will tell you what it is, Mr Blackstone, I have had a good many queer cases, but I don't know of any quite as mixed up as this is. I am getting a bit on my mettle about it. There is a little of the hound in me, you know, the worse the scent the harder I'll hunt."

"And the better you will like it."

"Well I do like a job that every fool can't put through. I would not give shucks for a chase where I could run with my head up, and the game in sight. I want to get down to my work and scent it out. I have trusted you with some of my plans, Mr. Blackstone. Keep them to yourself."

"You can depend on that. And I thank you for your confidence."

*(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 32.)*

### Nearness of Death.

When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one misstep and those mighty engines will tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in a railroad car, and there is nothing but an inch of iron flange to hold us on the track. So, when we are in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine, then, that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice.

But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank, or half-an-inch iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The timbers that hold the beating powers in their place are oftener not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition rupture, it would be the same as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he would to widen the space, no man can, at any time, go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

### "WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

BY ELIZA COOK.

The sun rays came with floods of golden gladness
When childhood dwelt upon our laughing lips;
But time has dimmed the dancing beams with sadness
And manhood murmurs through the gray eclipse.
"Where are they now?"

What scented leaves and glowing buds were flinging
Their fairy odors round our early day;
But manhood looks while bloom and branch are springing,
And sighs amid the brightest on its way,
"Where are they now?"

What starry hopes illumined our dreaming spirits
When life and love were beautiful and new;
But age, with all the wisdom it inherits,
Breathes o'er the molten gems of morning dew,
"Where are they now?"

Oh, pensive words! how many a blissful treasure
Ye serve to point to as a long-lost thing!
How many a heart that pours life's richest measure
Must learn thy plaintive notes, and faintly sing,
"Where are they now?"

# THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PRETTY PLOT.

The Signorina della Rocca had not travelled on the Continent, and lived amidst princes, dukes and nobles of all sorts, who consider themselves in every country but England honored by the society of the mentally great in every department, without learning the admirable and little-known art of dinner-giving.

All, therefore, who were invited to her table remembered the occasion with satisfaction, and felt a pleasure in a second visit.

She did not give grand dinners, but had just one or two people whom she liked, and who were of congenial minds.

On the present occasion there were present, in addition to herself and daughter, the signor, an Italian patriot, and an Italian singer—two very different personages.

The table was made up by our old friend, Captain Walter Arundell.

Now, the first thing inculcated on her daughter by the opera-singer was never to recognize anybody she had ever seen before, never to know them, and, in fact, clearly avoid giving any clue to her identity.

This she was not required to do, for when the gallant officer was presented to her daughter by the Signorina Lucilla, he had at first no more idea that he had ever met her before than that he was in China. However much he had noticed the little daughter of the Teddington recluse, however much he had been struck by her, this meeting was too strange to enable him to identify her. Maud was beautiful and charming, but this exquisitely-dressed, Italian-looking young lady was quite a different thing.

The signor and signorina with their friends spoke Italian, so that, during the whole dinner, the young lady, whom for the present we will call Lucilla, was thrown upon the hands of the gallant officer, who was nothing loth.

Lucilla was fresh, new, and had a brightness about her most attractive to a man of his age and character. To a man of thirty, a little *blasé* by society, and who was not innocent of one or two rather serious flirtations with women in various countries, the young, unaffected and pure-minded girl of seventeen was peculiarly attractive.

Youth, under these circumstances, is an attraction of itself; but when combined with candor, a pleasant voice, and agreeable conversation, it was irresistible.

There was no sitting over the wine after the dinner, the dessert being brought out into a verandah, where again the musical man and the patriot vied with each other in winning the favor of the popular and wealthy cantatrice.

Captain Arundell, after duly helping Lucilla to a grape or two and a glass of wine, invited her to walk.

"Their Italian is beyond me," he said, "and I see it bores you."

"I was born, bred and educated in England, so do not understand a word," replied Lucilla, laughing.

The captain made no reply. He was politer than to question a young lady whom he had known so short a time, and so said nothing for a minute or two; but both the voice, look and manner began to be strangely familiar.

The conversation then continued on other topics, on all of which she showed herself well-informed and natural. Her knowledge was indeed surprising; but when we consider that she had been the one pet pupil of a doting father, himself a student, this was no wonder.

Before the end of the evening, the gallant officer had begun to fall very seriously in love with the charming signorita, who herself was highly prepossessed in the captain's favor.

The signorina watched them with a keenness they little suspected. She had known Captain Arundell for years, and both liked and trusted him. This was the husband she had selected for her beloved daughter. She knew all about him. He was an adventurer, without known father and mother, and hence one not likely to make any difficulty about the daughter of an actress.

Lucilla would have a little money, but nothing to induce the suspicion that he was marrying for that—and the signorina had a morbid dread of any one who committed so great a crime against her theory of justice and morals.

The captain had no suspicion whatever of the actress's designs, which was a good thing for her views, as he was precisely the man to scent a plot and refuse to be trapped.

When the young officer was gone, the signorina, to all appearance carelessly, cross-examined Lucilla with regard to her new acquaintance.

"Very pleasant, mamma," she said; "very agreeable, and well-informed. I should like to see more of him. We have met before, as you know."

"Did he recognize you?"

"Something in my voice, manner and look appeared strangely familiar to him at times; but he did not put his suspicions into words."

"That is the sort of man for a husband."

"Yes, for one suited to his age," the young girl replied, carelessly.

"He is brave, gallant, good; he has ample means. Would that my child could look upon him with an eye of favor."

"I do; but I would as soon think of marrying my father," replied Lucilla, half laughingly. "And have you heard of him? Has he taken steps to find his daughter? Recollect one thing: I shall never marry without his consent and approval. He was a kind, good father to me, and brought me up from childhood as his pet and glory."

"He may have been good to you—he was bad to me," was the cruel answer.

"He never spoke against my mother, except to say once now and then, 'Heaven forgive her for her cruel desertion!'"

"Girl, you have told me that before; but it cannot be. If I have done wrong, if I have blighted a life which otherwise had been bright and happy, there is no forgiveness for me; but no, no—I saw—I heard—that is enough. Let us speak of the captain."

"By all means. He is a friend of Cecil Mordaunt," she added, slyly.

"Ah! that name again! Then he must know you," faltered the signorina.

"Not at all. He never saw me except once or twice when I was nursing Cecil, and he has no certain recollection of me whatever."

So judge the young, especially when they are deeply preoccupied.

"So much the better; but do not mention that fatal name of Mordaunt again."

"Is it not my own?" said Lucilla, innocently.

"Heavens!" said the woman, as if struck a violent blow, "who breathed that thought into your ear? Mordaunt! avaunt the name—away with the thought! Who dared tell you that?"

"I only asked a question."

"Ask it not again; and now, child, to bed, and do not disturb your head with silly fancies. I was two years older than you are I thought of love."

And so mother and daughter parted—the one to rest, the other to watch.

This strange and apparently accidental remark made by her daughter had alarmed her more than she liked to confess.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROUND ABOUT LONDON.

The loss of his child appeared to inflict upon Mr. Meriton a shock that threatened his reason. The blow was so sudden and unexpected, was struck with such force, such secrecy and suddenness, no provision of his could have warded it off.

Heaven knows he had not concealed himself for that purpose. Mr. Meriton had no fear of this kind, except from the wanton intrusion of bad men, against whom, however, he felt his child was steeled.

He had quite another source of alarm.

For many years—ever since he had the consolation of his daughter's presence—he had lived in the constant dread of an enemy as cunning as the serpent, as fell as the tiger, as remorseless as the lifeless car of Juggernaut that passes heedless over its victims, insensible to groans and cries.

This fear made him live in retirement, be ever on the watch, change his residence, have no friends, shun all of the name of Mordaunt above all, and lead the life of a recluse.

His daughter's elopement—which at first he feared had been with Cecil—quite paralyzed him for some days.

Then life and strength came back under the nursing care of the middle-aged attendant who waited on him in his obscure lodgings in London, where he lived when away from his daughter's residence, and where he issued only to attend to his business.

He had, mainly by the assistance of Balthazar, or rather John Haldane—himself a misanthrope, suspicious of men, and slightly affected by the madness of believing himself capable of regulating society—established a most extensive and lucrative shipping business in the city, which brought in large returns.

His presence was only required now and then, as there were efficient clerks. He now went only for one hour. The rest of his time was wholly employed in searching out his daughter.

For peculiar reasons he could not, or, rather, dared not, employ the assistance of the police. There was a feature in his life which he dreaded inquiry into with a fear which surpasses all understanding.

But his love for his daughter was above every other consideration.

It was the one great bias of his existence, for she was as the apple of his eye.

Men are fond of sons, and love them, too, but scarcely with the intense sentiment which characterizes a father's love for a daughter.

As soon as he was out in the morning he was on his way, here and there and everywhere, in search of her; in every likely and unlikely place.

In the middle of the day again, and then, at last, at night.

He would visit theatres, music-halls—all kinds of places of entertainment and amusement. He would go round to fashionable and unfashionable quarters of the town. It was during one of the former expeditions that Cecil saw him, as he came out of Hubert Mordaunt's house.

And he saw Cecil leave that mansion, and conceived therefrom an aversion for the youth which would not easily be eradicated.

It was his habit of an evening to doff the clothes which he wore in business and when meeting people he knew in respectable circles, and dress himself shabbily. He had, too, a slouched hat, and a heavy greatcoat, which served the purpose of a disguise.

His journeys, after a day or so, became mechanical. He went in and out, round about, glancing at every girl of about the size and age of Maud, with keen and scrutinizing eyes, but he never saw one in any way resembling her.

One evening he had pursued a young lady for the length of a street, and been soundly rated for so doing, though she was like his darling. Exhausted, disappointed, and overcome, he entered an obscure, out-of-the way public-house in search of refreshment.

There was a seat near the bar in which he sank, and asked for brandy-and-water, at the same time taking off his hat to wipe his heated and burning forehead.

The landlord came from behind, and opened a side door into a small parlor.

"This way, sir; the bar's rather rough at times, sir," he said.

Mr. Meriton accepted the offer, and the next moment he was seated by a cosey fireplace in a small but not unpleasant room.

The landlord brought in the drink, and set it down upon the table.

"Don't you know me, sir?" said the man, with rather a sad expression.

The other rose to his feet, looked as if about to grapple, and then drew back, his eyes fixed on the stranger. A stout, burly, hearty man, of five and thirty, it was, too.

"Dick Dart!" he cried.

"Yes, sir; but now Mr. Richard Dart, in my license, at your service. I knew you the moment I saw you."

"Then know me not," said the other, in a hollow tone; "'tis the best favor you can show me."

"Nay, sir; pardon me if I differ from you. My nature is not of those who forget. How can I ever allow the fact to fade from my mind that to you I owe all—life, existence?"

"Sit down," said the other. "I will believe you—believe that with you I am free from my hellish persecutor, who makes my life a furnace of hate. How came you to have this house?"

"I worked hard, and saved money," was the reply.

"Well," continued Mr. Meriton, "you seem comfortable and well-to-do."

"Pretty fair, sir," said Dick Dart; "mustn't grumble. Pray, may I ask what you are doing, sir?"

"Can we be alone here?" asked the other. "If so, I will tell you all. Who knows? Perhaps you may be able to assist me in my dire trouble and affliction."

The landlord fastened the door, ordered some refreshments from the bar to be passed through a kind of trap, and then, seating himself, listened with intense interest to the recital of his strange visitor.

"Your daughter, sir," said the man, respectfully, "would be about seventeen years of age?"

"Yes."

"Anything like her mother?"

"The image, but more soft, more gentle. I shall die if she be not restored to me soon."

"Whom do you suspect of taking her away?" asked Dick Dart.

"That man—him!"

"Why not her?" said the man, dryly.

"Because I believe that for nearly sixteen years she has lost all trace of the man she has so basely injured—has utterly forgotten him, indeed."

"Should like to see that proved, sir. All a great mistake on both sides—sure of it—never can be convinced otherwise," was the hearty exclamation of Dick Dart; "and my missus—Jane Church as was—thinks so too."

"It is in vain to urge me thus. A cruel desertion of a husband can never be explained. I loved her dearly—did everything in my power to make her happy—and then, in connivance with one whose hate was venomous as the snake's, to become my bitter foe!"

"All a mistake—all a mistake," said Dart, "as you will see. But, now, to trace your daughter."

"My thanks, my life, if you can find her. All other hopes have fled—I have but her. Oh, give me back my daughter, and on my knees will I thank you! I have wealth—I will share it with you and her."

"Will you do her justice?"

"What justice?"

"Restore her to her true position in society—to her name; seek out her mother, and have a frank and truthful explanation," said Dart, who in the battle of life had learned much.

"And that man!"

"Master mine, will you shake off that old dread which two years of cruel suffering excused—which the hideous discipline of the mad-house explains—and resolve, with my aid, to board your enemy, to regain your true rank, to discover your wife, and, finally, to be just to your child?"

"That man has all—power, money, rank. What can I, nameless and friendless wretch, do against him?"

"My good master, if you would act boldly he would soon be powerless. His armor appears impregnable, because, instead of piercing it, you run away. On my honor as a man, on my faith as a husband and father, all shall be well if you will but make up your mind, sir."

"Dart, you are, perhaps, right. At all events, I will dive to the bottom of this mystery. In the first place, find my daughter, and then do with me as you will."

"To begin, sir—has your daughter anybody in the shape of a sweetheart?" asked Dart, whose change in manner, talk and appearance was all owing to the devotion of a woman to whom he had been married sixteen years.

"None. She had a suitor whom I dismissed—Cecil Mordaunt."

"A worthy young gentleman, sir. His father's servants use this house, and Sir Vincent Mordaunt himself is quite changed. He adores this son, and brings him up first-rate. I'm told he's a model young man."

"He's a Vincent Mordaunt—that is enough for me," replied the other.

Dart, who saw that it was useless to argue on certain points for the present, waived the subject; but still, with an intuitive knowledge of human nature which did him credit, determined on his own responsibility to believe that, at all events, the sweetheart knew where she was, and hence was to be watched.

It will be seen that, since the day when he had been hunted in the streets and rescued by Hubert Mordaunt, Dick Dart had made some progress.

After some further conversation, the father went away, agreeing to call in the evening.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE MYSTERY.

The next day Cecil Mordaunt contrived to have another interview with Maud, which lasted several hours, as the signorina was particularly engaged. It was the day before her reappearance at the opera, about which all the town was ringing.

Almost every seat in the house was taken, and there was sure to be a crush.

The manager and many fellow *artistes* called in droves to pay their respects, and from these official and professional receptions Maud was generally excluded.

But she was to witness her mother's triumph from one of those safe side boxes where one can see and hear without being seen—boxes which communicate with the stage by means of a private key.

Poor girl! Despite her strange position, she could not help being pleased at the idea, and said so to Cecil.

"I shall be there," he said.

"But I shall not see you," she replied, naïvely.

"I don't know that," he replied, with a smile, and soon after took his leave, it being understood that he was not to return the next day, as she must devote that wholly to her mother.

The next night was not far off, however, and if they were, perhaps, to meet at the opera, there would be no very long separation.

The house was crowded at an early hour. The boxes were full at eight o'clock; in the pit and orchestra stalls every seat was taken.

Among the earliest arrivals was Mr. Hubert Mordaunt. Sir Vincent Mordaunt, looking very unwell, was seated beside Lady Blanche, while Cecil was below, amongst those of his age and class.

Just as the overture commenced, a gentleman, with a considerable amount of beard and his eyes concealed by glasses, took his place in the pit.

As he did so he looked around with a wearied and unsettled look. He had come there from mere listlessness.

Dick Dart had let Mr. Meriton know that nothing could be done that evening, and that he had better pass it in the quietest way possible.

"I have a clue, and I'll have another," said Dick; "so you just amuse yourself as best you may."

Now if Mr. Meriton had a weakness, it was music. Most lymphatic, melancholy men have. In the place of stronger and more healthy exertions, it rouses the lower passions, and dissipates thought by its enchanting wiles.

He determined in one of his common disguises to go to the opera. The music would, perhaps, temporarily dissipate his chagrin.

The place he had selected gave him a perfect command of the house, which he gazed at carelessly at first, then with curiosity.

Suddenly his countenance became a sickly livid white as his eyes fell upon the box containing Hubert Mordaunt.

He shuddered, and his neighbors must have noticed the emotion he displayed but for the noise made by the orchestra.

The man seated himself, and with a half-terrified glance at the box containing his cruel and deadly foe, looked toward the stage. The opera had just commenced.

About five minutes elapsed, and then, amid a thundering volley of applause, the *prima donna* entered upon the mimic scene.

She curtseyed, she bowed, she picked up bouquets for five minutes, ere they would allow her to begin.

He looked at her listlessly. What was woman—what was beauty to him? Love had perished in the earthquake of his fortunes; and for him there was no second edition of the one great passion of his early days.

His was one of those natures—often weak in other things—who are faithful unto death in love, who never feel the emotion twice. There was no woman for him, even now, but she.

Suddenly a dead silence prevailed, and then a voice burst forth—a voice that was as the trumpet sound of the resurrection to him.

He had closed his eyes; but if all the world had stood and sworn the contrary—he being stone blind—he would have known.

It was she!—Lucy!—his wife!

His eyes, as he slowly opened them, were dim at first; but then he saw her clearly, saw her more lovely, more queenly, more beautiful than ever—looking something unearthly in her grandeur.

He did not shriek, as he felt he must—he sat calm and still. Suddenly he looked up, and saw Hubert Mordaunt's face convulsed with fierce emotion.

A dim, faint, terrible light dawned upon him as he did so; but the voice again recalled him to himself—at least to her.

He drank in the words, he devoured them, he swallowed them as he would have done an intoxicating draught.

Never before had he fell under the influence of such sensations. Ideas of the future he had none. She was naught to him now, so that he scarcely cared to reason about her.

And yet who knows from what well of unforgotten love there came bubbling up memories of the past, and made him wish that time and space were annihilated, and she was his again?

A gentleman in the stalls before him had a bill in his hand.

"May I inquire the lady's name?" he whispered, cautiously, in the other's ear.

"Certainly, Mr. Meriton," replied Cecil, with a grim smile as he recognized the other's voice. "It is the Lady della Rocca—Signorina they call her."

"Ah, true—I had expected some other name," said Meriton, stroking his forehead in an odd and vacant manner.

"Mordaunt, perhaps?" responded Cecil, in a cautious whisper.

"What fiend impels you?" said the other, turning away and rising to leave the house, with so much horror and dismay in his countenance that Cecil deeply repented his incautious words, which appeared to have so strange an effect upon his companion.

But the event set him thinking, and did not at all serve to calm the apprehensions of the young man as to the real status of the girl of his love.

At the end of the second act there was a ballet, and this gave Cecil, at last, an opportunity of going behind the scenes.

As he expected, the green-room was crowded. The strangers had all been kept out until this moment, and now all who entered were petrified with surprise to see two signorinas, both beautiful, both lovely, both superb. Only the one was young, gentle, exquisite, the other queenly.

"My daughter," said the proud mother to all her old friends, and to many new ones who were presented to her for the first time upon this interesting occasion.

The manager stood by and hoped aloud that the young lady might one day—not soon—take her mother's place.

The signorina looked keenly at her.

"Never, I hope," said Lucilla, in a low voice; "I do not like the profession."

Della Rocca groaned slightly, the signorina faintly smiled.

At this moment the manager brought up a gentleman, who bowed with the deepest respect and admiration to the glorious star.

"Mr. Hubert Mordaunt," he said, in his most silky voice

She did not faint; she only clutched her daughter's hand, as if preparing to do battle, and then faced a strange but admiring countenance, a face very much like one she knew, but still not it, she thought.

"Never during my many days of travel, and I have travelled much, often as I have heard you, signorina," said a strange, harsh voice, "have I witnessed such a triumph. Signorina della Rocca, you have surpassed even yourself. And this is your charming daughter, a speaking image of yourself?"

"We are considered alike," said the singer, speaking like one in her sleep.

"Very," he replied, and passed on without saying another word.

The signorina hinted at fatigue, and drew her child away.

"Child, how can you act thus? How could you see your father, and not speak to him?" she whispered, in agonized tones.

"That my father! My dear madam, you cannot be my mother if you think that is my father. He is like my dear papa in feature, but only as a caricature is like the real personage. That my father! Oh, no! He is handsome, good, noble; that man is wicked, mean, cunning—everything that is bad!"

"Not your father, girl?" said the actress, in choked accents. "Then Heaven forgive me, for I know not what I have done!"

"But, mamma, why should you suppose for one moment that he should be—"

"Let me think! Go home at once—take my carriage—I will borrow one. Martha, do you see Lucilla into my chariot, and bid the coachman drive home at once. Wait up for me, darling. I am half mad—my head is in a whirl; but when I come home—who knows?—there may be peace and happiness in store for us yet, and even for Cecil Mordaunt."

These words made Lucilla doubly obedient, though she had not seen him.

So she went down and stood at the stage-door, while Martha called her carriage.

The signorina retired to her room.

"Not her father? He did not seem to know her! My brain is turning round. Have I slain with pitiless dagger my own and another's happiness through a fatal error? I cannot, will not believe it!"

"Good-evening, signorina," said the voice of Cecil close at hand, the others returning slowly toward the front of the house.

"Ah, glad to see you; but I can say no more now. A glass of water—I am expected in front."

And she glided away, leaving him bitterly and sadly disappointed.

Directly after the opera, she went out, and mechanically got into her own carriage, which drove her home.

When she got there, she found that her daughter had not returned, nor when, after a swoon of long duration, she awoke to consciousness, no tidings could she obtain either of her daughter or the dashing *soubrette*, Martha, whom she had commissioned to wait on her.

They had never called the carriage, but had been seen, they said at the stage door, to drive away in a private vehicle, not unlike that of the great singer.

But, though private and public means were used, though the secret police were handsomely paid, no trace of the missing girl could be found anywhere in London.

The signorina gave way to the deepest grief, the more poignant that she was bound in honor to sing three days a week.

## CHAPTER XLI.

LOVE'S ORDEALS.

The distinguished *artiste's* habits were well-known to her friends, and when, on many mornings after the disappearance of Maud, or Lucilla, as she was called, she refused to see any one, the refusal was simply ascribed to fatigue. In all her endeavors to put the minions of the law upon the track of her child she had recommended strict secrecy.

There was, however, one whom she did see at once, and readily. This was Captain Walter Arundell.

He called on the second morning, and was at once admitted to the sanctuary of the great singer, who had drawn the curtains close, and was seated in the shade, where she might hide the ravages of sorrow and perhaps remorse.

"I am sorry to see you ailing," he said, kindly. "Where is your charming daughter?"

"You torture me. Have you not heard?" she replied. "Do you not know that she has been taken from me?"

The strong soldier sat down unbidden, where a stream of light fell upon his face. The actress fixed her eyes, with a strangely anxious expression, upon him.

"Not fled with a lover, I hope? I beg your pardon, signorina—we are old friends—but, to excuse my seeming impertinence, allow me to explain that, old as I am, I have almost fallen in love with your enchanting, entrancing child—had fallen in love with her before I knew her as your child."

"Then you recognized her?"

"Afterward. When I came to think—to reflect."

"No hope, Captain Arundell, has been nearer my heart," she replied, "and therefore will I enter into some explanation with you. Before she was restored to me, the secret of my liking for you was—such would I have my daughter's husband."

The captain bowed gallantly, but rather impatiently.

"Lucilla has not voluntarily eloped; she has been removed, I fear, by one who has a right—her father," she continued, in a low, hushed, fearful accent.

"Her father! Then is not the Signor della Rocca her parent?" asked the captain, beginning to see a complication of a not very pleasant character.

"The Signor della Rocca is my guardian," she replied, calmly; "my old professor and teacher, who, when I was a girl, puffed me up to believe myself born for the stage. Her father is a gentleman of rank and fortune, and my husband. We have been estranged for eighteen years."

"The law gives him the child," said the captain, in deep thought. "Can you come to no compromise?"

"No. The man married me for my riches, and, having married me, allowed me to discover this fact. I heard him wish me dead. I fled from him, I escaped, yielding him up all—everything. I hid myself, and my babe was born in secret. His agents found me out, however, and took the child away. Recently, by accident, I discovered its whereabouts. She came readily with me."

"You have been sorely tried."

"I have. But now comes the worst. I told my child the story of my wrongs—of all the cruelty that I had been subjected to by her father. The child simply did not believe me."

"Proceed, madam—I am all attention to your words."

"To her, her father had ever been kind, gentle, noble and generous, she said. I would hear no more. I forbade her to speak of him at all. She obeyed me, and from that time commenced a system of dissimulation which is incredible. The other evening she met him in my presence, and pretended not to know him—overcame even my belief. An hour later she was away with him—gone, I know not where."

"You have, my dear madam, my most profound and heartfelt sympathy. I will do everything in my power to aid you, but you must be candid with me. Who is her father?"

"You will keep my painful secret?" she said, with a deep sigh.

"On my honor as a gentleman—on my word as a soldier," he replied, frankly.

"His name is Hubert Treherne Mordaunt," she said, in a low tone.

"Then you are—"

"The most unfortunate, the most injured heiress of Lady Hester—Lucy Merton Mordaunt."

"Good heavens!" cried the captain, whose heart gave a great bound as he reflected that, if the girl was an heiress, he probably was not of a rank to claim her; "the daughter of that man? Why, I met him in Turkey, in Egypt, in Hungary! We have hunted together—smoked together. He must be found. That he should be the father of one whom I have learned to love! Is he in London?"

"One can learn nothing from his people. They say not at home; and agents who have watched his house have not seen him go either in or out."

"He shall be traced. Should I find him, will you agree to see him—to have a personal explanation? I will leave you now."

"Go! Make any conditions, but give me back my child," she said.

And the gallant captain hurried away on the wings of love and hope.

Now much of all this was the fault of Cecil Mordaunt. That young man, since he had won the priceless jewel of this young girl's love, had ceased to speak of her, never showed that he remembered her, and thus led the captain to believe that his had been one of those sudden boyish passions which are short in proportion to their intensity.

Under these circumstances, the captain, seeing him constantly at the opera and the club, and noticing him rather joyous than otherwise, failed to allude to a subject he was glad to hope forgotten by the other.

Thus it was that, when the captain identified Maud Adele Meriton with Lucilla della Rocca, he studiously concealed the discovery from one who had ceased to take any interest in the matter.

Now that he was officially charged to discover her, he was resolved to be more reticent than ever.

He felt himself free to love without any disloyalty to the fickle Cecil.

Alas, poor Eleanor!

In the meantime, what had become of Cecil himself? His had been also severe and terrible trials.

The young man, on the day after the disappearance of Maud, of which he knew nothing, had been detained at home. His mother was not well, and after breakfast his father had summoned him to the library.

He found Sir Vincent Mordaunt ill—he was pale, wan and haggard. Evidently something was preying on his mind.

"My dear Cecil," he said, bidding the other be seated, "I am exceedingly anxious that you should come to a final decision with regard to Kate Mowbray. She will be presented at Court in a week. It is essential that, before she launches on the whirlpool of fashion, she should be finally engaged to you."

"My dear father," replied Cecil, very earnestly, "I am truly sorry that you should set your heart on that which is impossible. My heart is finally disposed of—my love irrevocably given to another."

"To whom," asked the baronet, in a tone of assumed calmness, "may I ask?"

"To one known to me first as Maud Meriton, and now as the daughter of the Signorina della Rocca," he continued, in a tremulous voice.

"To an opera-singer's daughter!" hissed the other, in a low, hushed voice, that spoke the old furious passion of his youth; "the child of an Italian adventuress—of one who—"

Here he paused, and low murmurs only followed, of which only one sentence reached his ears—

"Her daughter—never! Better the worst!"

"Sir, you speak to yourself, not to me," observed Cecil.

"Cecil," his father began, firmly and coldly, "how much your mother and I have loved you, you can never know. Like most men, I committed follies in my youth, which were severely punished. What I might have been, Heaven now only knows; but I married your mother—a good and noble woman—and for her sake I strove to emulate her virtues. Since then we have both given up our whole thoughts to you. For you I gave up the turf, and many other favorite amusements; for you I have paid off every encumbrance on the estate, and made it one which all will envy you the possession of when it is yours, and now you tell me that you have in a clandestine way engaged yourself to the daughter of an opera-singer."

"Father, pray hear me! She is not what she seems."

"One moment. I know that girl's mother, and, knowing, hate her. In my younger days she did me a great wrong, which I have never forgiven. And now to speak of other things; events may happen shortly to overthrow all my provisions, and deprive you even of your inheritance. It rests with you to aid me in my struggle for that for which so many years I have lived; if you run counter to my wishes you must stand alone."

"Am I in a false position? Am I an impostor?" cried the young man, overwhelmed at the announcement of this new misfortune.

"No. Explanation, however, is impossible now. Take a week—a month, if you will—to think of the future, but you must give up that woman's daughter; give up all notion of allying yourself to one whose existence is a curse, whose name is an eternal source of misery and sorrow to me. Now leave me."

And the father turned away in a manner that left his son no choice but to obey.

No notion ever entered his head of giving up the young girl, who, though presented to him in so strange a way, was to him all that was pure, and virtuous, and true. It was too late, he feared, to see her that day, but he would try, and so, mounting his best horse, he dashed down through Hammersmith to Twickenham, and there took boat as near the house as possible.

In half an hour more he was again in view of the garden, but it was wholly deserted, and though he rowed about for hours, not a sign could he see of the young girl, whose real reason for absence was to him, as yet, such a blessed mystery.

He returned to the shore, rested, and took refreshment, and again haunted the end of the garden.

In vain. Not a sign could he see of any one—to him the bright particular star of existence.

## CHAPTER XLII.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

At an earlier hour than was at all fashionable, Cecil Mordaunt went forth again. A night's long hours spent in thought had not tended to remove the desponding feeling of gloom which had pressed heavily upon him when he retired to rest. He was in one of those difficult positions from which it is not very easy for a young man to extricate himself.

He was deeply, wildly, passionately in love with a young girl, who, to his unsophisticated and rather boyish mind, appeared all that was pure and excellent, while his parents had selected for him one who, with almost equal good qualities, was also his undoubted equal in rank and position.

Rank and position; but his father had hinted at some terrible results of disobedience or resistance to his wishes.

What these results could be he knew not. He was well aware that the estates were entailed, and that neither title nor money could be taken *from* him. The money-lenders had taken care to let him know this, as soon as he joined his regiment.

But he never accepted a penny from one of those harpies of society.

"Well, Cecil," had said the baronet one morning, shortly after Cecil had joined his regiment. "I suppose you have had the usual offers of money accommodation from the enemy?"

"Yes, sir—plenty."

"Well, my son, never borrow money of usurers—it is moral death. Once for all, let us understand one another completely. No matter what sum you require, come to me. I will give or lend it to you without interest. Have I your word?"

Cecil at once pledged his word, and kept it truthfully and honestly.

Was he, then, an impostor—a changeling? Was there some one somewhere who had more right than he had to the post he occupied? He had heard of such things, and not only in novels, in romances, but in the stern actualities of real life.

A cold perspiration covered his frame, his teeth actually chattered, as the fearful

idea gained strength. We are all too fond of yielding to delusions, of nursing them, and making them great. The moment this notion entered the young man's brain, it obtained a lodgment, not easily to be driven from it.

This was indeed awful to one of his temperament. Born an English gentleman, educated at the first of schools and universities, reared to consider himself one of the upper ten thousand, death were better than to find all this a sham—himself a cheat, palmed upon society, which cruelly and mercilessly crucifies those whom it has itself raised as idols.

Wealth and rank in England are almost the only things respected with any cordiality, and when men find they have bowed the knee to an image of clay they are proportionately irate, and the image is cast down without mercy.

Such were the thoughts which wrung the heart of Cecil Mordaunt, and caused him to rise from his bed unrefreshed and feverish, with a grim determination to know the worst at any rate.

But he shrank from an interview with his father and mother.

Doubtless the news which he coveted to know would come soon enough, and in the meantime every fibre of his nature filled with hope, as he turned his thoughts where youth will ever turn them—to the thought of love.

Here was a trial for Maud.

If there were any blot upon his name—if he were not all that he could hope or wish—would she leave the brilliant position she occupied to share his fortunes.

True, the daughter of an actress was not much relatively—only one to be admired and flirted with by those who morally were inferior to herself; but, then, Maud was so superior to every one he had ever seen before. Her mother was a woman whose talents had raised her to the highest pinnacle of her profession. Might she not hesitate to unite her fortunes with one on whom there should be the slightest stain?

He himself, a few days back, had regarded the social status of Maud with something like dread—the daughter of parents separated, cordially hating one another, the one going by one name, the other by another.

The conclusion he came to was scarcely anything but natural—she was the offspring of illicit love.

What hope, then, was there of his proud father and mother acquiescing in his union with the singer's daughter?

But he would see her; that was a duty he owed to himself—to her. He would have an explanation with her—he would put himself upon a secure pedestal, and then dive, if possible, into the mystery of her birth.

It was with wild and rambling thoughts like these that he pushed out into the stream. Leaving his horse at a river-side inn, where crowds of watermen did congregate in search of a job, he went alone. His arms were strong and his spirit determined, so that he required no assistance.

Scarcely had he rowed a dozen yards toward the other side, in order to turn an island, when two other customers came up, also requiring a boat. They, too, wished to hire the wherry by the hour, and, as soon as everything was ready, made haste, as it were, to follow in the tracks of our hero.

They were stoutish, middle-aged men, habited in very plain garb, and with comforters tied round their necks and over their mouths, like men who expected rather to weather the storms of ocean than simply to float upon the placid waters of the Thames.

They were neither very handy at the oar; that the waterman could see, and made remarks accordingly.

"Shouldn't wonder to see the three come back together," said one lounger; "they look precious like a couple of bailiffs after that young swell. Well, I hope he'll keep out of their claws!"

There was a general acquiescence in this, for Cecil was both courteous and generous—two qualities which go far to tame the roughest of mankind.

Meanwhile, Cecil, being ignorant of the fact of being pursued and watched, pulled stoutly up the stream. It is true, he saw a boat coming behind him at some little distance in rather a slow and waddling kind of way; but his thoughts were forward, and the others only occupied him as an object on which occasionally to fix his eye.

The weeping willows were soon reached, and the boat moored to the steps with as little noise as possible. He then stood on the top, and looked into the garden.

On the well-known seat was a figure, which for a moment he took for that of Maud. Whoever it was, she sat in an attitude of utter absorption. The head was bent low, the hands fell drooping, the whole indicative of abandonment to some deep and powerful feeling.

He entered the garden, and advanced. Something irresistible attracted him, though at a second glance he was fully aware it was not the young girl.

The noise of his footsteps aroused the dreamer, and, raising her head, he recognized the Signorina della Rocca herself.

With a cry, she leaped to her feet. Her face was distorted by tears, her mien was wild in the extreme, and her words came from her throat like the cry of some famished animal.

"Have you found my child?" she said, clasping his arm.

"Maud—what of her?" he said, almost as much beside himself as the woman.

"Lost—gone—fled! But why do I speak to you? What do you here, if you come not here to mock me? What is your business in my garden?" she added, in a wild, incoherent way.

"Signorina, I love your daughter, and it is essential to my happiness that I should see her. As you keep her concealed from me, I have been compelled to seek her as I might; but what mean you? Why this grief? What of her?"

"She has either fled freely from me, or been stolen away," said the poor actress, quite overcome with fear and dread of she knew not what. "I know nothing of her."

"Merciful Heaven! Will you explain yourself? Will you tell me what this wild sorrow means?" the bewildered youth inquired.

In accents which showed how deeply she had given way to her grief, the actress told him all that had happened.

"Her father has stolen her from you!" he cried, in sheer amaze.

"Yes; and better for me had she fled with a lover. Then I might hope to see her."

"Woman!" cried a voice, which fell upon her ears like the crack of doom, "what have you done with my child?"

She shrieked, for a moment seemed inclined to flee, and then faced him.

Her looks were wild and distraught as they fell upon the pale and haggard countenance of Mr. Meriton, accompanied by a stranger.

She could not speak—her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; she waved her hand on high, and then fainted.

He, the man, the stranger, caught her in his arms, and strode toward the house, followed by his attendant and the wondering Cecil Mordaunt.

In this way they reached the chamber looking out upon the lawn, where they found water and other means of revival.

Laying the signorina on a couch he sprinkled her face, and soon a heavy breath indicated that she was returning to consciousness.

"Who are you? Whence come you?" she gasped, looking at him with wondering and terrified eyes.

"Who I am you know; but this is no time for explanations. You have taken from me my child—where is she? Take me to her, let me see my angel, and I can forgive you—even you," he said.

"In the name of all that is merciful and good, is she not with you? Did you not come in the garb of the world, and with a cold smile upon your lip, and face me at the opera-house? And did not the girl, false to her mother and to nature, steal away with you, from me, her natural guardian?"

Meriton shivered.

"I in the garb of the world, whom the world has rejected for years, who have given up all contact with it, who have hid and concealed myself from it! Woman, you insult me! I am a humble worker, whose name is Meriton, and I had a child, which the woman who blighted my existence, made life a curse, and even my name hateful, has stolen from me."

"Are you not he whom the world calls Hubert Mordaunt?"

"I am not."

"Good heavens! What is the meaning of this hideous dream? The girl said that was not her father, but I thought she played me false. I shall go mad!"

"Woman, I have been mad; but my restored senses totter on the verge of fresh insanity. Is my child in the power of the fiend whom the world, as you say, calls Hubert Mordaunt?"

"I fear she is."

And the signorina, crying and panting all the while, told all she knew.

"It is time the tragedy were played out, Dart," said the man, turning to his companion.

"But do not leave me; tell me all," gasped the poor actress. "Who are you that come in a semblance I should know?"

"Your husband; the man you shamefully deserted, whom you fled from because he kept from you a dread, a painful secret, because it might have caused you suffering, the husband who never even for an hour ceased to love you—but who now—"

"Hold—my brain is in a whirl. I begin to see. Curse me not; I have been the victim of an hallucination—but not criminal—oh, no! Tell me all—hear me, and then judge," she cried.

"Just so," said Dart, parenthetically.

"I am Hubert Treherne Mordaunt," he replied; "he is my mad and wicked twin-brother Albert, who has, through you, usurped my place, my rank, my name—and driven me an outcast upon the world."

"You are aware that I am present," observed Cecil, stepping forward.

"You are the son of Vincent Mordaunt?" said the other, gloomily.

"I am, sir."

"You can remain. My story soon shall be no secret from the world. But for the present it must remain between us here. It is a sad, a dreadful, a lugubrious one—it has its dangers and difficulties—for to the world I am a shadow, a thing dead, and a fearful incubus sits in my place."

"Your secrets shall be sacred, sir, with me," answered Cecil.

"Have any steps been taken with regard to this dreadful abduction?" cried Meriton.

"Yes. The police are at work, and Captain Walter Arundell is on his track."

"The friend of Balthazar—of John Haldane?" asked Meriton.

"Yes," replied the singer, a little uneasily.

"Why have you trusted him?" asked the other, in a voice still tinged with severity and doubt.

"Because I have known him long, and because it had been my wish to select him as a husband for my nameless daughter—he, also, a man without a real name."

The man called Meriton made no reply, though Cecil grew red and pale, and felt half-inclined to speak. But at the same moment the other commenced his explanation, which was long and full of episodes, but which must be condensed into a brief narrative.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE MYSTERY.

Hubert and Albert Treherne were twins, the children of Saxby Treherne and his wife Anne. From the hour they could run, there was a marked difference in their characters. Hubert was always joyous, merry and light-hearted, while the other was sullen, sulky.

Unfortunately his mother took such pity of Albert's infirmities that she made him that chartered nuisance, a pet. She was by no means unjust, or unkind to Hubert, but she strove by kindness—by mistaken kindness—to win the other to become gentle and amiable.

In vain.

The boy was treacherous, cunning and cruel. To his father and mother he was obstinate and disobedient, and to his tutor, Ambrose Reardon—a tutor provided solely to educate and watch him—he was the constant worry of life.

Mrs. Treherne resisted the conviction that he was incorrigible for a long time.

He set fire to a haystack, he let loose horses and cows, he worried cats by means of a savage dog he had selected as a pet, he killed gold-fish, caused chickens to die mysteriously, and wound up by a crime of much greater magnitude.

He was the terror of the village boys, who hardly liked to resent the indignities poured upon them by the son of the man who lived in the big house at Trendledeep.

There was one boy—a fair, curly-pated child of about six—his own age—who was timid and gentle. He was no coward, and, doubtless, in after-life might have made a brave man; but, the only son of a widow, delicate and reserved, he had been a little spoiled, and hence had lost that energy which is never learned except by contact with the world—even with the world of boys.

This boy Albert Treherne tormented, while Hubert made much of him.

Hubert was an universal favorite, and though he never openly contended with his brother, he did all in his power to protect the weaker from his indignities.

Hubert was the elder brother, and as such was the sole heir to the impoverished estate.

Hester Treherne, Saxby Treherne's sister, was a great heiress by inheritance; but, otherwise, the Trehernes were poor, and the income left to Hubert was not great—only a few hundreds a-year; but he was the heir, he was the eldest son, and the sullen Albert knew it.

They would not go out much together. Albert was generally sent in the charge of his tutor, with strict injunctions to watch him—for, if Mrs. Treherne was blind, her husband was not; but Ambrose was both false and treacherous, and, whenever he could, deserted his post—did so to lie under trees and read.

Besides, he made much of the boy, and by humoring him in ways that added fuel to the flame, became the one individual to whom Albert looked up with something like mingled affection and fear.

They were in the forest; Albert was idly lashing the flowers with his whip on the borders of a rapid stream, while Ambrose read a book under a tree.

Presently Charley Eden appeared. He, too, was coming along the water's edge, and had pulled a large nosegay of bright and variegated flowers.

"Put them down, cur!" said Albert, advancing toward him with his whip raised.

"Why?" said the boy.

"Because the forest is mine. If you don't obey me I will cut you across the face!"

"Leave him alone, Albert!" said a firm though boyish voice. "He has as much right as you or I—father is only ranger."

"You mind your business," replied Albert, in a sullen tone; "I don't interfere with you. Down with those flowers!"

"Come and take them, coward!" said the boy.

He stood on the brink of the swift and running stream, his back to the water. Albert, fury and rage distorting his countenance, advanced, raising his whip to strike the weak and gentle boy.

"You shan't have them!" cried Charley Eden, with a merry laugh, and tossed them over his head into the water.

"Fetch them, scoundrel!" replied Albert, and with the butt-end of his whip he struck the other on the head.

He tottered, fell, and hurried away by the force of the torrent, was carried out of sight, to be taken up an hour later—dead!

The whole came out upon the coroner's inquest, and the medical men of the family without hesitation pronounced the fiat, which was to consign Albert to eternal gloom. He was mad!

For the future he was always to be under restraint. In the first instance, as a trial, he was sent to a school with Ambrose Reardon as an attendant. There he learned rapidly all such things as were merely efforts of memory—above all music, which is, perhaps, the only art which an insane person can possibly compete with the sane.

He became passionately fond of it.

Saxby Treherne and his wife died, leaving Lady Hester Mordaunt guardian over the boys.

With that perverse generosity which is so much the attribute of women, she at once took the part of Albert; and tried, by coaxing, kindness, and gentle ministration, to win him to better things.

The boys were eighteen. Hubert had just left school, with great credit to himself, and with very high artistic attainments. He elected to be a painter, and went to Rome to study.

Albert remained.

He had at sixteen been removed to a mad-house for some freak or other, still accompanied by Ambrose Reardon.

It was part of the peculiar nature of this boy to know that he was mad. He was cruel, cunning, and loved luxury of all kinds; but he knew there was something stood in his way.

Ambrose Reardon was ambitious both of position and money. He began, therefore, to work upon the passions and weaknesses of the young man, and at last obtained the complete mastery of his mind.

When not excited, when not roused by hate or envy, or any of the lower instincts of humanity, Albert was at times perfectly sane. Reardon persuaded him to sham permanent sanity, promising to watch him so closely that whenever symptoms of danger arose, he would intervene and remove him.

The bait held out was the inheritance of Trendledeep.

The boy knew well the value of gold. The tutor, or keeper, artfully explained what would be the result of his having the command of so much money. Song and music without stint, and beautiful women, lovely as angels, to sing and play.

To his wild, mad, extravagant passion for music, the youth added a fierce love of woman—as woman—which as yet had not developed with regard to any one person, but which promised to render his insanity the more dangerous.

Buoyed up by these hopes he resolved to give up his whole soul to the task of winning the great inheritance of Trendledeep.

At first he was wholly successful with Lady Hester. His cunning was great, and he played the sombre Byronic enthusiast, whose soul was music, whose aspirations were heavenward.

Lady Hester pitied his heavily-punished youth, and had she died when Albert was twenty-two would undoubtedly have made him her heir.

But evil rumors got afloat, tales of heartless profligacy, with which once innocent girls' names were mixed up; and Lady Hester found to her deep sorrow and regret that Albert Treherne was wholly devoid of moral perception.

With all his cunning he was unable to see and acknowledge the iniquity of his own conduct, and Lady Hester, with a sigh, in her own mind revoked all intentions of making Albert her heir.

She gave him over sternly into the charge of Ambrose Reardon, holding him responsible for the future for his conduct. As Reardon's salary was large, and the sum for expenses liberal, the tutor promised implicit obedience.

Albert was made a pensioner of Gibbersmoor Lunatic Asylum, with free permission to travel whenever his guardian and doctors detected a strong lucid interval.

One thing strange existed in him—a fearful antipathy to anything his brother liked. As he reched manhood his hatred for Hubert became something awful, though he succeeded in partially hiding it.

Somehow—domestics will talk—Albert heard of the return of Hubert.

In his sane moods he was allowed the ivy-clad tower in the ground, where he lived with wild, weird books of his own selection for months at a time. Reardon encouraged him in these habits. The man was a voluptuary of the worst kind, and had added much to the evil qualities of Albert.

He it was who told him that Hubert was coming home to inherit the estates of the Mordaunt family.

That day Albert disappeared from his private retreat.

But Reardon, from confused words, and mutterings, and scraps of paper left on the table, began to see why his pupil had fled.

A mad idea had entered his brain of waylaying Hubert at Dover, killing him, and personating him to the good Lady Hester.

Ambrose Reardon knew well that this would necessitate the other's being tried and confined during her Majesty's pleasure, which to him was ruin. He, therefore, hurried to Dover, watched for the arrival of Hubert, and gave him warning.

"It was your brother I saw in the streets?" gasped forth the signorina, whose sufferings during the narration were acute indeed.

"It was!"

That night the twins were to have left Dover together; but Albert gave both his brother and Reardon the slip. Still, the latter contrived to jump into the train and follow him to Trendledeep, where he returned as if nothing had happened.

Then, as he walked in the garden, he had heard Lucy singing on the night of her arrival at Trendledeep, and was raised to the seventh heaven of ecstasy at her beauty and glorious voice.

The way in which Lady Hester behaved on this occasion is already known.

Then came the discovery of the flight to Dover and its object, upon which it was finally resolved to shut up Albert in the great asylum of Gibbersmoor, where, with every attention that money could command, he could spend the rest of his days without detriment to others.

"He was safe there," said Hubert, sadly; "at least so I thought until our return from the Continent, when I made the discovery that he was free—had again escaped. Hence my hurried return to Trendledeep, whence I started in search of him, leaving Dick Dart with authority to detain him at any cost, should he come to our house, which he did, and personated me so successfully that my wife took him for me, and—"

"Good Heavens! was it Albert I heard declaiming against my having all the money?" cried the signorina, "wishing I was dead, and that he had the inheritance?"

"It was. He meditated your death and mine. Well, do listen, ere you speak. I see your justification. Dart was right. I could not believe that you really and truly took Albert for myself."

"I did, that awful night."

"Well, I returned to find you had fled, and that letter left. It was like a stroke of apoplexy to me, and I was long ill. When I recovered I was in a mad-house, under the name of Albert Treherne."

"Forgive—forgive!" shrieked the horror-stricken woman.

"Yes; with infernal cunning he and that man Reardon had me removed to Gibbersmoor, while he took to my bed, feigned illness, and remained confined three months under severe medical treatment. When he chose to recover he was universally considered Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, while I was a poor lunatic, who, in addition to trying to murder his brother, was trying to personate him. I was placed amongst the hopelessly incurables, accordingly. My dearful condition I cannot, I will not, pain you by describing. Suffice that I made vows of vengeance against all. I had but one friend in the world—Dick Dart, here, who remained faithful. He was not deceived by Albert; but then he was half-witted. He hovered round Gibbersmoor for two years, and at last Providence gave him the opportunity. I escaped. Another friend—Balthazar, or, rather, John Haldane—sheltered me, and enabled me to trace my daughter, whom I took, and taught to believe her mother was dead. Under the circumstances it seemed the most merciful thing I could do. Now you know all. It is time to act."

"Hubert, my husband, can you forgive me—I who have been the cause of all your suffering?" she cried, in a tone of wailing anguish that went to every heart.

"Lucy! My love! My soul! All is forgiven!"

"Signorina!" said a grave voice, as they were looked in a warm embrace.

And the Signor della Rocca stood by their side groaning.

"Ah! My husband, dear professor!" she replied, quite calmly. "Hubert, this is my old teacher, who kindly has been a father to me during all my misfortunes."

"Husband!" cried the signor, with a passionate cry. "Then art is over."

"Yes, truly, the stage loses a singer," she answered, gravely.

"But this is no time for talk," said Hubert. "My brother has your letters, and deeds of conveyance of the estates. More, he has our treasure. We must set to work to recover her. In the hands of a madman, we know not what he may do. Who knows that the fiend may not contemplate ridding himself of the only evidence against his rights. He believes me still in the mad-house."

"Why have you never asserted your position?"

"Why? Because I had no wife, and because he has possession—every paper, every document."

"But now?"

"Not a minute shall be lost."

"Can I help?" said Cecil, who had been struck dumb with wonder and astonishment at all he heard.

"No!" cried Hubert, hotly. "There are many reasons why you should not. Young man, I am sorry for you; but on my honor as a man, the heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt shall never marry daughter of mine."

And, with a wave of the hand, he dismissed the youth, remaining alone with his wife, his friend, Dick Dart, and the Signor della Rocca.

*(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)*

☞ Cincinnati can count up two hundred and eighty young men who part their hair in the middle.

☞ A Baltimore dunk swallowed a lighted fire-cracker, and was immediately surprised at the ensuing sensation.

☞ An Ohio boy, ten years old, flagged a train just in time to save it from a culvert, and he has been given a free pass for five years and a gold watch.

☞ A young gentleman at Saratoga boasts of having proposed to fourteen young ladies in one week. What they remarked in response to said proposals, he saith not.

☞ Three young ladies named Millie Moulton, Abbie Garland and Jennie Burnham were drowned at New Market, N. H., lately. Twenty-two persons belonging to a picnic party were in the boat when it capsized.

☞ Niagara appears to be receiving merited punishment at last. The present is the dullest season known there for years, and hotel-keepers and hackmen are said to be absolutely in fear and trembling. Good.

☞ The Butler Citizen says:—"A boy named Theopocritus Bumbergardenpugin, aged 14 years, has been sick ever since he was 4 years old." That name ought to make any boy sick. It is a wonder he has lived up to this time.

☞ Of all the odd deaths in the world, this reported from India is certainly the oddest. A native, while catching fish in a tank, put the head of one in his mouth and bit it, as the fish was rather troublesome in the matter of wriggling. Suddenly one of the sharp points in the back fin stuck in his hand; he opened his mouth to call for help, and the fish, giving a quick plunge, jumped down his throat, and there firmly stuck. It was only taken out, and by small pieces, after he had been carried to the hospital. He was so exhausted that he died as soon as it was removed.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ At an Oregon baby show a disappointed mother snapped a revolver under the nose of one of the judges, and her husband is after the other two.

☞ The Shah has resisted all invitations thus far to leave his $1,000,000 overcoat on a hat-rack.

☞ The train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, which carried the Washington steam fire-engine to the Baltimore fire, actually made the distance, forty miles, between the two stations, in thirty-five minutes.

☞ After Mr. Casey had finished reading the "Declaration," on the Fourth, a man rose and moved that the speech be published, as it was one of the best speeches he had ever "heern" in his life.—*Mound City Journal.*

☞ Mrs. Elizabeth Walker is the name of the female "walkist" who proposes to do one thousand miles in one thousand hours in San Francisco. She says it is no feat, "simply the power of the mind over the physical structure."

☞ An Indiana gentleman is now living in a house with his fifth wife and three mothers-in-law, and yet he is not happy.

☞ A sporting paper says that fine horses will travel faster and behave better if they are to have a little white sugar when they return.

☞ Dogs of good social position at the watering-places wear batiste garments, embroidered with a monogram.

☞ The Utica Herald says it is some consolation to see a bald-headed insurance man. You don't know that justice has been dealt out to him, but you think it has.

☞ In several cases at the West the fear of cholera has driven men to commit suicide.

☞ A veteran observer declares that the people who spend most money at watering-places are the old men with young wives.

☞ A Western Congressman carries his back pay in a leather pouch attached to a strap about his person. The device works admirably. Whenever he has any talk with good, conscientious people, and begins to feel that he ought to return it, he just takes the money out, turns it over two or three times, and the feeling is gone at once.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

☞ An experienced husband in Lafayette, Ind., sent two switches home to his wife, from which she was to make a selection, but before doing it he changed the tags, putting the twenty-five dollar one on the ten-dollar switch, and *vice versa*. After a critical examination by herself and lady friends the choice fell upon that labelled twenty-five dollars, and she decided to keep it, notwithstanding her husband's plaintive protest that he could not afford to pay out more than ten dollars for such an article.

☞ A writer who has seen Capt. Jack in captivity, says he is not a remarkably fine-looking Indian, his countenance expressing deep cunning rather than any nobler quality. He is an intense liar and a great politician, to which qualifications he probably owes his chiefainship.

☞ And now some scientists are claiming that, instead of being cold, the moon is in reality red-hot—so much so that no living thing known to our world could exist there. This also knocks the green cheese theory.

☞ Little Rebie is a great talker. Her mother said to her one day: "Rebie, what makes you talk so much?" She drew her finger across her mouth and replied: "Ith pace was tut in my face so I ten tort."

☞ The number of Japanese students in this country is larger than in any other, which is certainly a high compliment to our educational institutions.


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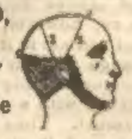

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## OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—We never accepted a nomination to the legislature but once. A political friend of ours named Fetters said the community demanded that we should run, and we consented. Fetters managed the whole thing. Upon the evening of the day on which the convention adjourned, Fetters came around to tell us that an enthusiastic constituency was about to tender us a serenade, and in a few moments a brass band arrived, accompanied by fifty or sixty politicians. The music lasted for an hour. Then Fetters said we must ask the band and the company in to have some refreshments; and we did. Fetters had provided a wagon-load of things including the most expensive kinds of wines by the gross. We could not sufficiently admire the large-hearted liberality of Fetters. The company sat down to the banquet until four o'clock in the morning, the politicians making speeches and the band every now and then playing in the dining-room, and waking the baby and the neighbors, and rattling the very shingles on the roof loose with its vociferousness. At half-past four the company was in such a riotous and inebriated condition that we went out to hunt for a policeman. When we returned the leader of the band was sitting upon the stairs with the handle of an umbrella in his mouth, vainly endeavoring to play "Hail to the Chief" with his fingers fumbling among the ribs. Fetters was in the corner supporting himself by the wall, while he endeavored to discuss the tariff question with our bust of Daniel Webster, and to correct Daniel's views of the local option law. The man who played the cymbals was crying on the mat at the parlor door because, as he informed us, his wife's maiden name was McCarthy, while the leader of the delegation in the convention was lying in the piano, the top of which was raised, beating time with his heels on the sounding-board and strings, and whooping to "the boys" that there was "only one more county to hear from!" We let the lid down with a slam, and that settled *him;* and the policeman came just a moment too late to prevent a prize fight between the bass drummer and the trombone man, during which the bald head of the drummer was bolted through our only pier glass, and was then dragged out to bleed over the carpet. The company left finally at six o'clock. We began to have doubts about the advisability of running for the legislature, and these were increased, when Fetters called around at noon with a bill of twelve hundred dollars for expenses of the band and for refreshments. That settled it. We *had* thought the serenade a compliment, and the supper a little treat from Fetters. We did not run for the legislature then, and it is probable we never shall; certainly not while serenading by brass bands must be endured by candidates for the office.

—Either the dime novels must be suppressed or the usefulness of Sunday-schools will be permanently injured. The superintendent of our Sunday-school invited his friend Sands to come up the other day and examine the boys. The subject of the lesson was Jonah. Mr. Sands spoke of the unwillingness of the prophet to proceed to Nineveh, and asked the scholars what they thought of his conduct. They said it was awfully wicked. "Correct," said Mr. Sands. "Excellent, excellent," and the superintendent smiled. "And what," asked Mr. Sands, "did the sailors on the ship do to punish Jonah?" "Why, they pitched him overboard," replied the class. And then the superintendent smiled some more. "And what should the prophet have done when he found that his bad behavior caused so much trouble to the sailors? Ought he not to have repented?" asked Mr. Sands. "What would you have done, what would any pious boy have done in such a case?" And the oldest boy in the class shouted, "Why, I would have shot the captain and turned pirate, of course." And then the superintendent didn't smile, and Mr. Sands suddenly began to fumble a tune out of the melodeon.

—When Bacon, of Camden, proposed to Miss Thomas a few years ago, she said that she loved him, but she must frankly admit that his name was an objection. He must change it, or she would not marry him. He asked her what kind of a name she preferred, and she said she wanted a name that had poetry and feeling in it. Then he said, suppose he changed his name to Johnson? But she looked at him with scorn, and declared that no name would suit her but one that had tenderness and delicacy, and that was full of melodious sweetness. He thought for a minute and said, "Well, then, s'pose 'n I change to Hopkins?' She then explained that she considered a foreign name rather more aristocratic; and he threw out a suggestion respecting Schweidelheitzbrunner. But she objected to a name that was so long, and he then presumed that she might be suited perhaps with Ott. Her prejudice, however, it appeared, was in favor of a name of about three syllables, and he therefore ventured to mention McFaaden as a foreign title of about that size. She hated names that began with "Mac;" so he told her he thought he could suit her, perhaps, with Puffendorff. But she turned up her nose and asked him if she looked like a woman who would marry a man whose name had four l's in it? He said frankly he thought she didn't; but he imagined Heffenstein might come near the correct thing. She observed, however, that the first syllable had a wicked sound; and he then said that Schlechteveg had always been his ideal name. Her fancy, however, inclined to some name that had a z in it, whereupon he offered to change to Schertz, and she affirmed that she would rather die at the stake than consolidate with a man named after an undergarment. Then Bacon got the directory and read it clear through to her from Aaron to Zwizzd, but she said none of those names seemed to strike her. Then Bacon tore his hair and wept, and offered to do without any name, or to call himself merely "Number Fifteen," or to put "A x B" on his door-plate, or to adopt the alphabet, as it stood, as his family title; but these propositions were respectfully but firmly declined. Bacon is now looking for a fresh girl just upon whom to bestow his affections. He considers Miss Thomas upon the whole somewhat too particular.

—The trouble with Dr. Lucullus P. Bender was, that he had entirely too much professional enthusiasm. He was a man of an inventive turn of mind, and after years of thought and experiment he produced an "improved stomach pump," which included a "reversible combination valve" of what the Dr conceived to be extraordinary effectiveness. When the working model was completed the doctor was very anxious to prove its value, and he asked a number of medical gentlemen around to his house to spend the evening and examine the machine. When the ice cream was handed around the doctor introduced certain patent drugs into Mrs. Bender's plateful, and also into that which was handed to his aunt. Then in an exulting whisper he told his professional friends to watch Mrs. Bender and his aunt carefully for a few moments, and not to be alarmed at anything that occurred. The doctor intended to permit Mrs. Bender and his aunt to work along toward a crisis, then suddenly to introduce the improved stomach pump, and at once relieve the situation. Presently Mrs. Bender said she felt giddy, and tumbled on the floor and began to foam at the mouth, while the aunt uttered one wild, unearthly yell and rolled over with her left gaiter projecting into the grate. Bender's eyes sparkled with joy, and he began to feel for the improved stomach pump. It was gone! Bender's aunt, supposing it was a new arrangement gotten up by one of the boys for tormenting her cat, had hid it in the pantry. The doctor was nearly crazy, and while he hunted for the machine Mrs. Bender rolled over and over on the floor and howled, while the aunt had a fresh paroxysm every minute, and was kicking over the tables and chairs in the most alarming manner. Then Bender found the pump and applied it at once to Mrs. Bender, but at the first jerk of the handle one of the reversible combination valves broke, and Mrs. Bender started off into more violent convulsions, and went pitching under the sofa, and against the piano legs and into the entry with frightful contortions of her body, while Bender's aunt lay up close to the washboard emitting a few feeble moans, and getting blue about the lips. Then all the doctors turned in, and they poured mustard and warm water and white of eggs into Mrs. Bender and the aunt, and Bender took his aunt by the heels and shook her out over the porch until she lost her teeth and her supper, and had an attack of apoplexy. They both came to about midnight and were sick in bed for two months, but when the brother of Bender's aunt heard about it he suspected foul play, and had Bender indicted for attempted murder, and convicted him. He was pardoned by the Governor after being in jail three months, and then he came home just as Mrs. Bender and his aunt recovered sufficient strength to make things warm and sociable and sensational for him. Anybody who wishes to buy the patent right of an improved stomach pump with reversible combination valves, will hear of something to his advantage by dropping a line to Dr. Bender. He is anxious to close out.

—Slimmer really deserves pity, for it certainly was uncommonly rough on him. He was going up to Reading the other day, and when he reached the depot he happened to look into the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confounded; and ere he could find utterance for his feelings, she exclaimed "Oh, Henry! *dear* Henry! We are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?" And she looked into Slimmer's face and clung to him and smiled through her tears.

"Madame," said he, solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as 'Henry,' permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel; I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat. It excites remark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said, "Oh, Henry, how, *how* can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my husband."

"Madame," screamed Slimmer, "if you do not cease sopping my shirt bosom and remove your umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say."

"The children are here," she persisted. "They recognize their dear father. Don't you, children?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa, it's our dear pa." And then they grappled Slimmer by the trowsers leg and hung to his coat-tail.

"Woman," he shrieked, "this is getting serious. Unhand me, I say." And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace—while all the brakemen, and the baggage-master, and the newsboys stood around, and said his conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet-bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer—and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and he floored Slimmer with that carpet-bag, and sat on him and smote his nose and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule so that he will resemble no other human being on earth.

### A Strange Sight at Sea.

In the year 1785, the captain of a Greenland whaling-vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about, and saw a ship near by. He hailed it, but received no answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Coming alongside the vessel, he saw through the port-hole a man at a table, as though keeping a log-book, frozen to death. The last date in the log-book was 1762 showing that the vessel had been drifting for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found some frozen among the hammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses—a drifting sepulchre manned by a frozen crew.

☞ I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitutions as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.—*Franklin.*

☞ We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and feasible plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

☞ Repose and cheerfulness are the badges of the gentleman—repose in energy. —*Emerson.*

☞ All men would be masters of each other, and no man is lord of himself.—*Goethe.*

☞ A clergyman being annoyed by some of his audience going out while he was preaching, took for his text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting." Soon after commencing his discourse he said, "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

While Captain Fitz Doodle politely puts his cigar behind him, as he stops to speak to the delightful Misses Decourcey, an audacious street boy profits by the opportunity to take a whiff or two of a real Havana.

## The Secret of the Old Clock.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

They were practising a new anthem for the next Sunday. Louie Verne was singing alto, and looking over Roy Kirk's book. Rue Trevor was playing the organ, and John Blake was turning the leaves of her book and singing bass at the same time; and doing these two things did not prevent him from doing a third thing, and that was, watching the tenor and the alto behind him.

Louie Verne saw that he was watching them, and tried her best to make the poor fellow miserable, and succeeded to her satisfaction as far as that was concerned. But she hardly felt satisfied with her success in getting Roy Kirk's attention. His eyes would keep turning toward the face of the girl at the organ, and she did not like the look which came into his face whenever Rue turned her eyes toward him. It was too lover-like, too tender; it foretold disaster to her cherished plans.

John Blake saw that it was hard work for Louie to keep Mr. Kirk as attentive as she wanted him to be, and felt a great degree of satisfaction thereat. Still, that did not prevent him from feeling terribly jealous and uncomfortable. He knew that Louie Verne cared more for Roy Kirk than for any one else; and yet, so strange is human nature, this knowledge did not keep him from thinking the world of Louie Verne's pretty face; and he was as fully determined to win her as she was to ensnare Roy Kirk, if such a thing were possible.

But Roy Kirk's heart had been ensnared by bluer eyes than Louie Verne's. Rue Trevor held him in her spell, and he did not care to break it. If she had been singing from his book this afternoon, he would have enjoyed the music much more. He liked Louie Verne well enough, but it was a different liking from that he had for Rue.

"Let's try this anthem," said Louie. "I think this duet for tenor and alto perfectly splendid, don't you, Mr. Kirk?"

"It is very pretty," answered Roy, with his eyes on Rue's rosebud face. "I will try it, if you want to."

So they sang it, with Louie's brown curls dangerously near to Roy's shoulder, and her hand very near his as they held the book together. Rue, turning toward them for a moment, felt a curious little thrill of pain, and her hand trembled so that she struck the wrong chord, and made a fearful jar in the beautiful music.

"I'm tired of singing," said Roy, when the anthem was ended. "It's very warm here I think, don't you, Miss Rue? A stroll in the churchyard would be rather pleasant."

"That's what I call making sport of a *grave* subject," laughed Louie, with a little bitter sound in her voice. "You've got to go home with me, Rue. You promised to stay with me to-night, you remember, and I sha'n't let you off. I'm going home now, and you must come right along. I want to talk to you about something of the greatest importance."

"A new dress, probably," said Roy, failing to hide his vexation at this check from Louie, in their little game of cross-purposes. "I believe that new dresses are considered matters of paramount importance by young ladies."

"Of course," laughed Louie. "Come, Rue. The gentlemen can come when they get ready. If you'll come to tea, we'll let you take us boating afterward."

The gentlemen accepted the invitation, and Louie and Rue left them, and went up the quiet village street arm-in-arm, Louie's heart full of bitter feeling toward the girl who had won the heart of the man she had hoped to win. But unsuspecting Rue never dreamed of what her friend's smiling face hid from sight. She loved Roy, and her heart told her that he gave her in return a love as loyal as her own, and she was content.

The sunset died out of the western sky, and the stars trembled into sight here and there, pale and vague, through the moonlight's haze of silver.

"A beautiful night for a sail down the river," said Rue, as they stood on the verandah. "I am wild to be off. Aren't you ready, Louie?"

"You can go on," answered Louie. "We'll overtake you. I'm telling Mr. Kirk the legend of the moss rose."

Roy concealed his disappointment again as well as he could. He had hoped for a few words alone with Rue, but it seemed that Miss Verne was bound to prevent his having them. He wanted to know just how matters stood between him and the girl he loved. He was going away on Monday, and he might not be back for some time. Before he went he wanted an answer to a question that he had it in his heart to ask. He fancied that he knew what the answer would be.

Rue walked down toward the river with Mr. Blake—and by and by Roy and Louie followed.

For two hours they drifted here and there, in the summer moonlight, and then they turned the boat homeward. And so skilfully did Louie manage, that he did not succeed in getting a word alone with Rue. When the gentlemen bade them good-night and went away, she felt that her plans had been successful in one respect at least, and the words Roy had longed to speak were yet unspoken.

Louie went home with Rue from church next day. In the evening Mr. Kirk called. He had resolved to put an end to all suspense. But again he was disappointed. Louie told him, when he asked for Rue, that she was sick with a headache, and had not been out of her room since four o'clock that afternoon.

He was going away the next morning. He would have no chance to see Rue before going. What was he to do?

He wrote a few lines, enclosed them in an envelope, and wrote Rue's name on it.

"If you will please give that to Miss Trevor," he said, laying the letter down upon the table beside Louie. "I would have liked very much to have seen her; but this will say for me what I would have preferred to say for myself."

"I will give it to her," Louie said, in a hard, strange sort of a tone, with a cold light shining in her eyes that he could not see. She had watched his face while he had been writing, and she knew well enough what he had written.

He went away presently. Louie stood by the table for some time after he had gone, and looked at the letter lying there. Should she, or should she not? she asked herself.

By and by she decided. She took up the letter and dropped it down into the mysterious depths of the old-fashioned clock in the corner. Then she shut the door upon it and turned away with a guilty start as she heard a step in the hall.

Roy Kirk did not come back to Grantly again, as everybody had expected he would.

Rue looked for him all the summer and fall—and then, when he still lingered away, she began to think she had been mistaken in thinking that he loved her. And yet she could not make herself believe that she had been wholly mistaken, after all. But he was like other men, perhaps, faithless and fickle, and a fairer face had made him its captive.

And the fall deepened into winter, and then spring came, bringing tidings of Roy. He had gone west.

Then Rue gave up her hope wholly. If he had cared for her, he would never have gone away from her in that way. Never. And the pain that it cost her to let go this hold she had fancied that she had on happiness, was so great that it made itself felt in her face, and looked out through her blue eyes in a wistful, quiet sorrow that it made Louie pale to see sometimes.

And Louie gave up her hope wholly, too, so far as Roy Kirk was concerned, and married John Blake. And she might have done much worse. Only, he was not the man she wanted. But, she argued with herself, since she could not have the man she wanted, it was best for her to take the man she could get. And so she married her old lover, and they went away from Grantly.

The years drifted by as the years will, leaving their traces on heart and face. And to Rue they brought many changes. She grew more womanly, and not less fair. But her beauty was of a different type from that of her girlish years. It was the beauty of a heart that is patient over its sorrow; of a life that has learned to value its sunshine because of its shadows. The memory of her love for Roy Kirk was strangely sweet, and it was always with her. She could see his face in the dusk of the twilight as she had seen it in the years gone by. She could hear his voice sometimes, passionate and low, and fancying these things her heart would beat a little swifter, and her eye grow somewhat brighter as the old time came back to her. She did not think herself foolish in remembering love's young dream as she did. She told herself that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all,"

and I think she was right. The dreariness of loss can never cover up the sweetness in the memory of having loved.

And so her thirtieth birthday came, and on that birthday came a letter to her. A strange enough letter too.

"If you will look in the bottom of the old clock you will find something that will interest you. If you ever find out how it came there, be merciful in your judgment of one who was sorely tempted, and who hopes that at last she may be able to undo something of the wrong she has done."

That was all, but it was enough to puzzle Rue. She could not understand the meaning of the letter at all. She could not guess who it was from. It was all a mystery to her.

She opened the old clock, and sought for the solution of the mystery in its dusty, cobwebbed depths.

There, under the dust and cobwebs she found a letter, with her name written on it.

She sat down and opened it, and as she read, a swift color came into her face, and a glad light into her eyes.

"DEAR RUTH: Fate, or Miss Verne, I don't know which, seems determined that I shall have no opportunity of telling you what I am sure that you know already—that I love you. I am going away from Grantly to-morrow, and I would be glad to take with me the knowledge that my love is not unwelcome to you, and that it is returned. But that cannot be. Will you write to me, and tell me if I am right in thinking that you care for me? Will you be my wife?

"I shall look for an answer to this with a great deal of eagerness, and I hope that the answer will be yes. I offer you all that I have to give—a love that is earnest and true, and a pair of willing hands. Will you take them, darling?

"ROY KIRK."

He had loved her after all. Rue said it over and over to herself in a kind of happy bewilderment. It was pleasant to know that she had not been mistaken in him—that he was not the fickle heart she had thought him. The knowledge which had come to her so strangely made her look five years younger.

And then came a reaction. She had only found out how much she had lost; how near happiness had been to her, and she had known it not; and in a woman's weakness, which could not be if it were not for woman's strength, she laid her hands down upon her head and cried softly.

She did not hear the step upon the floor, nor see the browned and bearded man who came up to her, and stood watching her with a great tenderness shining in his eyes. He saw the open letter, every word of which was written on his heart, and he understood all in a moment.

"Rue," he said, softly, and she heard his voice and sprang up with an unutterable gladness breaking like sunshine in her face.

"Roy, oh, Roy!" and then her head was on his breast, and her heart was beating close to his, and oh! it seemed as if Heaven had suddenly come very near to earth. And perhaps it did in that moment. She may never be so near to its open gates again till she passes in through them to stay forever in the happy lands.

By and by, sitting in the twilight, he told her how a letter had come to him a week ago which bade him seek the woman he loved, and who had been true to him all these years, and there had been something in it which he had no power to resist. He had obeyed it, and now he had found out that the faith of the old time had not been a misplaced one. Told her how he had waited for some word or sign from her, until his heart grew sick with suspense, and at last he had thought that he had deceived himself with a vain hope. But now—and then he stopped, because he had no words to tell how much gladness and peace had suddenly come into his life, and, for lack of better language, he kissed the happy face of the woman at his side, and she understood that which he had no other way to tell her.

If Louie Blake could have seen their faces at that moment, she would have felt satisfied with the reparation she had made for her wrong-doing of years before.

## "OH, SUMMER NIGHT!"

BY BELLE BREMER.

The sun has gone down in a sea of crimson and gold, slender bars of light marking the place of his disappearance. All the long, drowsy summer day he has been pouring his fierce, fiery rays upon the heated earth, to the serious detriment of the "green things growing;" but his reign is over for a brief space, and amid much flaunting of "banners yellow," glorious golden, he has given up his sceptre to the queen of night and taken his departure. A gentle breeze has stolen up from some cool cave and is softly waving the long grass in the meadow, and the golden, billowy grain, sighing among the flowers, till the air is faint with the perfume, sweet and rare, as though wafted directly from "Araby the Blest."

Twilight deepens. A whippoorwill is sending forth his plaintive notes out there among the purple shadows of the grove, the roses nod and whisper in the breeze, one by one the stars come out; and yonder, full-orbed and glorious, the harvest moon is rising, causing shrub and tree to throw out weird, ghostly shadows in the white moonlight. And now the glorious midsummer night, ablaze with her jewels, is reigning.

How the stars burn and scintillate! Looking at the star-gemmed vault above, one cannot wonder that the ancient Egyptians worshipped the sun, moon and stars. What changes those ceaseless watchers of the sky have witnessed! Nations have risen and fallen, generations have passed away, even the everlasting hills have been moved, yet Arcturus, the Pleiades and Orion shine just as brightly as they did thousands of years ago, when God said to his servant Job, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" How beautiful that shimmer of moonlight on the water, and how mournfully sweet the sighing of the wind among the trees! But hark! was that the wind rustling last year's dead leaves, or is it Titania bidding her court and dancing by the light of the fly lamps? Oh! "there's a witching light in the stars to-night."

## Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

FARMER, (Philadelphia.) Do we know of a good plaster to keep in a family for bad cuts, bruises, strains, &c.? That is just what we do know. A plaster that has been in use in our family and its connections, since the recipe was given to one of them by an American surgeon in camp at Valley Forge, during the revolution. We would not be without a cup of it on any account. It is now kept, for the accommodation of friends and relatives, by P. S. Peterson & Co., Bankers, 30 South Third St., Philadelphia. Price 25 cents a cup.

A SCHOOL-MA'AM asks: "Will you oblige me by answering the following questions? 1st. Is London the largest city in the world? 2d. Is Arkansas pronounced Ar-han-sas, or Ar-kan-saw? 3d. Is it proper to say rivers empty in other bodies of water, or flow in other bodies? 4th. How is my writing and punctuation?" 1st. Yes. 2d. Ar-kan'-sas. 3d. Both forms are proper, though you should use into instead of in. 4th. Your writing is fair, your punctuation correct.

BOATSWAIN, (Philadelphia,) writes: "Please let me know through the answers to correspondents' column of the Post, what kind of food is best for making muscle while training for boat-races? About three weeks ago I wrote inquiring for information in regard to signals with boatswain's whistle, etc., etc. Haven't seen any answer. What is your opinion of my writing?" The English boating clubs eat underdone beef and mutton, and dry bread or toast, while training. There are many opinions concerning vegetables, some clubs condemning them, others permitting them to form part of the diet. The former question you refer to has been answered. You write a good hand.

ALICE, (New Jersey,) writes: "Please answer me a few questions, 'for old friends' sake.' 1st. Where can the lines be found—

'Come it thou in peace or conquest thou in war,
Or to dance at our wedding, young Lord Lochinvar?'

and who is the author of them? 2d. Is there any merit in Pastel painting, and at what prices can such paintings be sold? 3d. How many Swedenborgian churches are there in America, and have they many publications? 4th. How many newspapers are there published by colored people in the United States, and which is the best of them in your judgment? 5th. How is my handwriting; and why?" 1st. Sir Walter Scott is the author of "Young Lochinvar." It may be found in his poetical works. 2d. The great defect in Pastel paintings is their lack of durability. They must be covered with glass in order to preserve them. We cannot inform you regarding their selling prices. 3d. There are Swedenborgian societies at about 600 places in the United States. They probably all have places of worship, which serve them as churches. They have a considerable number of publications. The works of their founder, alone, constitute a considerable library. 4th. We have no exact information on this point. 5th. Your handwriting is passable, but is not what would be called neat or graceful.

M. A. D., writes: "In the last Post 'Belle' asks a question I think I can answer. The song she refers to is—'Will you come to meet me, darling?' The first lines are:

'When my feet have grown too weary farther on to press their way,
And my spirit waits the bidding to be severed from its clay.'

It can be obtained at any Philadelphia music store." Thanks for the information.

S. M. W., (Lake City, Minn.,) asks: "Will you please tell me who is the oldest person now living in the United States, and where Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and her son are at present? What do you think of my writing and composition?" We cannot tell you. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to give you the information. Your writing is moderately good, your composition correct.

W. F. K., (Alvira, Pa.,) asks: "1st. Do external influences, such as climate, temperature and locality, influence a man's temperament or modify his character? If so, what place is best suited for a man of sanguine temperament? 2d. If, according to the Development Theory of Darwin, man sprang from a monkey, from what did the monkey spring, and how far back should we trace his history, till we reach the line of demarcation, where he ceased to be a monkey and became a man? Had we not better say he sprang from an ape, or a boa, and thus account for some men's apish ness and boaishness? 3d. Is the girl still living who sighed for a husband—if so, where is she? 4th. Can you inform me whether there is a Telegraph Institute in Philadelphia? To what place would you advise a young man of nineteen to go, to learn to be a first-class operator? 5th. Do you think my penmanship sufficiently good to warrant my becoming a successful bookkeeper?" 1st. These influences, no doubt, largely affect the temperament of a nation, a long period of time being requisite for any marked change to appear. Temperament, in any individual is principally an inheritance, and can be only slightly modified by circumstances of climate, &c., though of course some persons are much more susceptible to such modifications than others. Character is an hereditary mental condition, and is equally difficult to modify, though it must slowly yield to the mental activities surrounding it. In all men, the foundation is more durable than any superstructure. 2d. Darwin says that man developed from an animal from which the baboon also developed, though he does not give this as an explanation of aptishness. He does not attempt to say when this development took place. It must have been at some period beyond the recollection of "the oldest inhabitant." 3d. She is still living, she has quit sighing, and is now sewing for a husband. 4th. There are schools where telegraphy is taught. It can best be learned in a telegraph office—but these schools probably turn out some good operators. 5th. Your writing might be improved so as to answer. But you must remember that writing is only one of the requisites in bookkeeping.

Z. Z., (Ohio,) is, like several previous correspondents, troubled with a high color in the face, and is anxious to know if we can recommend anything to remove it. She thinks it is caused by too much blood, and wishes to know if chalk would dry it up. We hardly think that chalk would have that effect, and as we do not know whether she is correct or not in regard to her diagnosis, we can only recommend that she should apply to a physician. There may be so many causes combining in producing this effect, that no remedy we could name would be likely to answer.

ANNIE: Thanks for your kindly appreciation of our paper and author. As to correspondence, we can hardly find room for any more just at present.

HARRY LOCKETT JR., (Philada.,) asks: "Please let me know through the correspondents' column of the Post: 1st. When the law went in force in Pennsylvania for deer, ruffed grouse woodcock and partridges? 2d. Was Frank Forrester, (H. W. Herbert) an American or an Englishman? When and where was he born?" 1st. By the game law of Pennsylvania, deer are allowed to be shot from the 1st of September to the 31st of December, grouse and pheasants from August 1st to December 20th, quail from October 1st to December 30th, and woodcock from July 4th to November 15th. There is a penalty for shooting them during the remainder of the year. 2d. H. W. Herbert was an Englishman, born in London in 1807, died in New York in 1858.

EXILE, (Thomasville, Ga.,) asks: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. Who were the Janizaries, and how is the word pronounced? 2d. Why does a draught-board bear the title of China? 3d. Is there any impropriety in calling on a young lady without first informing her of your intended visit? 4th. What is the most applicable method of introducing a young gentleman to a young lady? 5th. What are the daily wages of an ordinary mechanic house carpenter in Philadelphia? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. They were a body of Turkish soldiery, formed first in 1338 of Christian captives. They attained such celebrity that the young Turks eagerly joined them, and their influence and power were such that they several times overturned the government by their insurrections. After such an outbreak in 1826, which lasted three days, the Sultan determined to suppress them, and he did so by the summary process of surrounding them by soldiers and shooting them all down. It is said that 25,000 men perished in this massacre. The word is pronounced Jen-i-zar-ees. 2d. We have never heard it given that title, and do not know what it signifies. 3d. Not if you have any right to call at all. 4th. Any simple form will answer—"Miss ——, permit me to introduce to you Mr. ——," will serve as well as any other form. 5th. The wages range from fifteen to eighteen dollars per week for good workmen. 6th. Your handwriting is susceptible of considerable improvement.

A MERRY CUBE, (American, Ga.,) says: "Some people in this section are very much excited as to who 'Ouida' is—some asserting that Ouida and Owen Meredith are the same. Please give me some information." They are not the same. Ouida is a Miss De Laramee, of London. Owen Meredith is Edward Robert Bulwer son of Bulwer the novelist, and a person of a much higher order of talents.

G. H. T., (Philadelphia,) writes: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. Which is the highest spire or steeple in the city? 2d. Do you think my writing is good or bad for my age (sixteen years), and what are the principal defects?" 1st. The two steeples at Broad and Arch are probably the highest. There is none higher so far as we are aware, unless it be Christ Church in Second street. 2d. It is very good, but has rather too much flourish.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]